# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## TO EMILY F——. FOR A FRIEND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

These children of a changeful clime—
  These sweet-lipped darlings of the May,
Dear Emily, with a simple rhyme,
  I send to one as sweet as they.
Oh, happy flowers—oh, sinless flowers,
  What memories of long ago,
What dreams of summer suns and showers,
  What twilight's wild with wind and snow,

Ye gather round my heart once more—
  Each with its passing joy or pain
Sacred, for the lost days of yore—
  Till I am half a child again!
The dim old orchard where we played,
  The cherry-blossoms white as snow,
Or the rich fruit, the maple-shade,
  And the soft winds that used to blow

Tossing the billows of green wheat—
  Crested with *daisies* daintily,
And odor-freighted "meadow-sweet,"
  Like silver boats adrift at sea.
The ripening fields, the harvest-wain,
  The old gray barn, with ample doors
Wide open for the rustling grain,
  And orchard's russet Autumn stores—

The two wild harper pines, that sung
  The mournful poems of the year—
Whose plaintive chords are all unstrung,
  Whose *vibrant* boughs are gray and sere!
And Emily, the old, *old* tree!
  The butter-nut of stalwart limb,
With the wild summer blowing free
  Thro' all its antique chambers—dim

With spicy perfumes, and the brown
  Eclipse of shadowy, floating leaves,
And clustering nuts, that rustled down
  O'er the red squirrels' homestead eaves.
There we, the innocent children, played
  Thro' all the golden summer-tide—
And many a pilgrim foot hath stayed
  In its cool shelter, green and wide.

(The children are scattered—the tree is dead,
  And many a spring-time's wind and rain
Hath planted flowers o'er a buried head
  That never will shine in our plays again!)
That dear home's weather-beaten wall—
  The slanting roofs, and windows bright
With welcome fires—*I see them all*,
  These flowers have call'd them back to-night.

But not these flowers, that wildly fling
  Such haunting memories o'er my soul,
Nor the sweet voice of any spring,
  Nor summers, changing as they roll,
Can give our hungry hearts once more
  The vanished angels of the past,
That thro' the old home's open door
  Went, with our childhood's dream, at last!

*St. Louis, Mo.*

## THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "Danesbury House," "The Red Court Farm," &c.


[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]


### CHAPTER V.

RICHARD RAVENSBIRD.

Lord Dane grew impatient in his chair of state. The warrant, committing Richard Ravensbird for the wilful murder of his son, was already made out; it wanted only the signature, and that waited but for the formality of Mitchel's evidence. Mr. Apperly busied himself with his papers, the prisoner leaned against the wall, the inspector was in a brown study, his arms folded, while the servants collected outside in groups, to express their horror and aversion of their late comrade, Ravensbird.

"Here's Mitchel, here's Mitchel," briskly cried out Mr. Apperly, seeing the approach of the man. "Now, then, we shall soon have it over."

The preventive man came in, under the wing of Supervisor Cotton. He looked pale and ill still, and Lord Dane ordered him a chair, while he gave his evidence. He testified to hearing the disputing sounds, to seeing indistinctly the struggle, and to the fall of Captain Dane.

"Thrown over by Ravensbird," said hot tongued Lawyer Apperly.

"Yes," responded Mitchel.

"Were there no signs of life whatever in my son?" inquired Lord Dane, struggling with his inward feelings.

"None, my lord: he was as dead as ever I may anybody. I wish I could have carried him away with me in my arms, my lord, instead of leaving him to be washed away with the tide; but it was beyond my strength. I wish I had not fell into that fit: there'd have been time to get to him."

"You could not help it, Mitchel," replied Lord Dane, in a sad, kind tone. "Did you recognize him to be my son on the heights before he fell?"

Mitchel shook his head.

"Impossible, my lord. It was only moonlight, and the scuffle did not seem to last a moment hardly, before he was over. It was only when I got to him, trying to lift him up, that I saw it was Captain Dane."

An interruption came from the prisoner. He had fixed his stern black eyes on Mitchel when the man first entered, never removing them, they seemed to devour every turn of his countenance, every word that fell from his mouth.

"My lord," said he, turning to Lord Dane "the worst criminal, brought to the bar, is allowed an advocate by the English law, but I have been hurried here without one. Having none, I should like to ask the witness a question, myself."

"Ask it," assented Lord Dane.

"You have just sworn that it was impossible you could recognize Captain Dane upon the heights, that it was only moonlight, and the scuffle lasted but a moment," proceeded the prisoner to Mitchel, availing himself of the permission. "If you could not recognize him, how could you recognize me?"

"I did not recognize you," returned Mitchel.

A pause. The prisoner spoke out again eagerly, passionately.

"Then why did you say you did?"

"I didn't say it."

"You did. As I am told."

"No, I did not say it. My eyesight did not carry me so far," was Mitchel's rejoinder; but he was interrupted by the police inspector.

"Do you mean to deny, Mitchel, now you are on your oath, that it was Ravensbird who flung over Captain Dane?"

"I couldn't say that it wasn't, or that it was, sir. It might have been him, or it might have been anybody else in this room, for all I saw."

The inspector looked at Lord Dane.

"I understood your lordship, last night, that Mitchel had seen and recognized Ravensbird as the offender."

"*I* understood so," returned Lord Dane, "I was so informed. You, for one, Apperly, certainly said so."

Mr. Apperly brought his spectacles severely down upon the countenance of Mitchel, and spoke in a sharp, quick tone.

"You know you said last evening in the guard-house, that it was Ravensbird."

"I said it was sure to have been Ravensbird, because of the quarrel he had with his master in the morning," answered Mitchel. "As I was coming-to, after my attack, and telling what I had seen, somebody exclaimed—and I do believe it was yourself, Mr. Apperly—that it must have been Ravensbird, and I agreed, saying there was no doubt of it. But I never said it was Ravensbird from my own knowledge; from my own eyesight."

"Then are we to understand, Mitchel, that you do not positively know who it was, that was engaged in the conflict with my son?—that you did not recognize the person?" asked Lord Dane.

"I did not, my lord. I surmised it to be Mr. Ravensbird, on account of the quarrel, but I could not see who the people were scuffling on the heights. Had Captain Dane not fallen, I could not have known him to be one. The other might have been a woman, for all I could see."

The party felt rather nonplussed. Every one present, including the usually keen and correct inspector, had fully understood that Mitchel could swear to Ravensbird. The misapprehension had gone abroad, carried from one to the other.

"It makes little difference," cried Lawyer Apperly, who was the first to speak. "It *could* have been nobody but Ravensbird. He owed his master a grudge, and he paid him out: he may not have intended a fatal termination—"

"But it makes every difference," interrupted the prisoner, in agitation. "If a credible witness says he saw a man commit murder, he is believed; but, if it turns out that he never saw it, and never said it, it makes all the difference. My lord," he added, "I swear I was not the assailant of your son: I swear I never saw him after I left here in the morning."

Lord Dane looked annoyed at the appeal. His belief that Ravensbird was the guilty man was firm as a rock. Mr. Apperly spoke up authoritatively.

HERBERT DANE'S INTERVIEW WITH THE LADY ADELAIDE.

"Assertions go for nothing, prisoner. Perhaps you'll account for your time yesterday, hour by hour, up to ten o'clock at night."

"Yes, I can," somewhat doggedly returned the prisoner. "After I quitted the castle I went straight to the Sailor's Rest, and the landlord can tell you so."

"But you may not have stopped at the Sailor's Rest."

"I did stop at it; and twenty people, going in and out, saw me there; and I dined and had tea with the landlord and his wife."

"Well—after tea?"

Ravensbird hesitated.

"After tea I sat in the parlor with the landlady till it was hard upon seven, and then I went out for a stroll."

The inspector pricked up his ears and exchanged glances with Mr. Apperly. The latter continued, his dry, hard tone speaking volumes.

"Where did you stroll to? Which road?"

"I don't know that that matters to anybody," was the somewhat sullen answer.

"Perhaps it was up this road?"

"Perhaps it was; perhaps it wasn't," returned the prisoner. But all present felt that it *was*.

"Why, bless my heart!" uttered the lawyer, nearly jumping from his chair with the suddenness that the recollection flashed upon him, "I met you myself, Ravensbird. I was on my way home from a client's, and encountered you coming up this way. It was about seven o'clock. You cannot deny it."

"I have not attempted to deny it, Mr. Apperly."

"Well, now, the question is—What time did you get back again to the Sailor's Rest?"

Ravensbird answered the question by asking another, looking at Mitchel as he did so.

"What time was it that you saw the scuffle, and the fall?"

"It had gone the half hour past eight," was the immediate reply of Mitchel, "it was hard upon the quarter to nine."

Ravensbird coolly folded his arms and drew back.

"That settles it, then," said he, with the air of a man who has done with contention; "I was back inside the Sailor's Rest at twenty minutes past eight, and I did not stir out again."

It, however, by no means "settled" it. For not one believed him. They could not have been more fully persuaded that he was the culprit had they actually seen him with their own eyes pitch over Captain Dane.

"I gather," said Lord Dane, "that you were—according to your own account—absent from the inn somewhere about an hour an a half. Where did you pass that interval?"

"My lord, I must decline to answer," promptly replied the prisoner.

"You refuse to state, sir?"

"Yes, my lord. I was at the Sailor's Rest at the time the crime is stated to have been committed, and could have had nothing to do with it; therefore I would respectfully submit to your lorship, that my movements, preceding it, have no right to be inquired into."

"Now don't you go drifting against rocks, prisoner, or maybe you'll split upon them," interposed the inspector. "When a man's arrested on a capital charge, it is the business of the law to work up and bring to light, not only his movements and doings, but every particular respecting him. So you will do well to answer his lordship."

"I decline to answer," was the only response, reiterated by the prisoner.

However convinced Lord Dane, the solicitor, and the police, might feel, that Ravensbird was guilty, it was yet necessary to show justifiable grounds for the opinion, ere the warrant was acted upon. Ravensbird was detained in custody at the castle, while the inspector went to make inquiries in the town. And he brought back news which completely baffled Lord Dane.

Hawthorne and his wife, in conjunction with two or three other respectable witnesses, declared that Ravensbird *was* back at the Sailor's Rest by twenty minutes past eight, and that he did not quit it again. He sat in the parlor common to the guests till eleven, when the house shut up, and then retired to his chamber. The inspector confessed himself "floored" by the news.

But what about the warrant? Why, it was of no use, and had been made out for nothing; for it could not be put in force against Ravensbird. Neither was there any plea for detaining him in custody in the face of so distinct an alibi; and he was discharged.

"Only to be retaken," observed Lord Dane, as the man quitted the hall. "I do not clearly, at present, understand how it could be; either there is an error in the stated time, or some other false plea has been set up: but that Ravensbird is the guilty man, I feel a positive conviction." And he will soon be retaken on the charge."

"Not he," angrily dissented Mr. Apperly, who was more vexed than anybody at the termination; not that he was a malicious man, but *his* mind also was fully made up. "Now that he has got his liberty, my lord, he'll be putting distance between himself and this place with the seven-leagued boots of Jack in the fairy tale; and when anything fresh turns up to retake him upon, he'll be *non est*."

"I could not do otherwise," returned Lord Dane, "I could not commit him in the teeth of evidence. Nevertheless, I am certain the man is guilty; and the very fact of his refusing to state where he was, or how he passed his time during a portion of the evening would almost condemn him. An innocent man has nothing to conceal."

Near the gate before mentioned, stood Herbert Dane, when Ravensbird was released from the castle. Not perched upon it, as was his wont in gayer times, but leaning against it in pensive sadness. That the untimely fate of his cousin gave him much concern, was evident. He looked exceedingly surprised to see Ravensbird approach, released from the handcuffs, and unattended by the guardians of the law.

"What! have they let you off, Ravensbird?" he uttered, as the man neared him.

"Could they do otherwise, Mr. Herbert?" was the response of Ravensbird, stopping short before him, as though he disdained to shun inquiry.

"Do otherwise!" echoed Herbert. "Why, the whole place is saying that there never was a clearer case. Mitchel testifies that he saw you push him over."

"No, he does not, Mr. Herbert," steadily answered the man, bringing his piercing black eyes to bear fully on the face of Herbert Dane.

"Has he eaten his words, then, before my lord?"

"No, sir. He never spoke the words; it was a misconception altogether. When you see Mitchel, you had better inquire for yourself, and you will find that he did not distinguish who the strugglers were, he would not have known the captain, but for his falling at his feet."

"And so, on the strength of the uncertainty, they have given you your liberty! I suppose you will hasten now to put the sea, or some equally effective barrier, between you nd England."

"Why should I?" returned Ravensbird. "An innocent man does not fly like a craven."

Herbert Dane very nearly laughed.

"Innocent!" he exclaimed, his tone savoring of ridicule. "You know, Ravensbird, it is of no use to be on the exalted ropes before me. The words you spoke in my presence, yesterday morning, in this very spot, the threats of vengeance you uttered against your master, would be enough to hang you. But—"

"Do you believe me guilty, Mr. Herbert?" interrupted the man, drawing nearer with his fixed, penetrating eyes.

"I was about to say, Ravensbird, that you are safe for me," proceeded Herbert Dane. "I make no doubt that you dropped the words in the heat of passion, almost unconscious (if I may so express it) that I was within hearing, to take cognisance of them. I felt sorry for you at the time, feeling that my cousin, in his passion (whatever may have called it forth), must have been unjustifiably harsh, and I will not put myself forward against you. Moreover, were you gibbeted on the nearest tree this day, it could not bring your master back to life."

"Sir," repeated Ravensbird, in the same calm, matter-of-fact voice, "I asked if you believed me guilty."

"What a superfluous question!" was the retort. "Do you suppose there's a soul in the place but must believe it?—although you have contrived to escape bonds. You ask me if I believe you guilty, when I say that I could hang you!"

"Then why don't you hang me?" returned Ravensbird.

"I have told you why. I do not care to go out of my way to do you harm; and it could not benefit the dead. But guilty you certainly are."

The way in which Ravensbird stood his ground before Herbert Dane, stony, self-possessed, not a muscle of his face changing, not a tremor in his voice, and his searching eyes never moving from Herbert's face, astonished the latter not a little.

"Then let me tell you that I am *not* guilty, Mr. Herbert," spoke Ravensbird. "Let me tell you something more, shall I?"

"Well!" responded Herbert, lifting his questioning eyes.

"That I could this hour put my finger out upon the guilty person. As certain as that you and I, sir, are standing here, face to face, I know the one who did the deed."

"What absurd treason are you uttering now?" demanded Herbert, after a pause of blank astonishment.

"No treason, and nothing absurd," was the undaunted reply. "I could lay my hand upon the party who murdered my master, as readily as I now lay it upon this gate. But I don't choose to do it; I bide my time."

Herbert Dane stared at the speaker from head to foot; wondering, possibly, whether the man was not giving utterance to a most audacious falsehood.

"Will you venture to assert—allowing that you were not one of the actors in it—that you witnessed the scuffle on the heights?" he inquired.

"No, sir. I did not witness it; I was not there. I was in the public room at the Sailor's Rest at the time it took place, which proved fact has baffled my lord and the police, and compelled them to release me. But I know who was on the heights, though I was not."

"And what may be your reasons for holding it secret, if you know so much?"

"That, sir, you must excuse me if I keep to myself," was Ravensbird's reply. "But I hope, Mr. Herbert, you will not again accuse me of being the guilty man. Good day, sir."

Ravensbird turned off towards Danesheld as he concluded, and Mr. Herbert Dane stood watching him, deep in puzzled thought. Not until the former was out of sight did he awake from his reverie, and then he bent his steps towards the castle.

"I'll know, at any rate, what grounds they had for letting the fellow off," cried he, in soliloquy.

He had reached the castle gate when it was suddenly opened by Bruff, who was showing out Mr. Apperly. In another minute Herbert was in possession of the facts testified—that Ravensbird had been in the Sailor's Rest at the time of the catastrophe.

"But, let be a bit, Mr. Herbert," continued the lawyer, in excitement. "I can't question the good faith of the witnesses, for I believe them to be honest, and Hawthorne and his wife, at all events, would be true to the Dane family; but some trickery is at work, something is up; the hands of the clock were surreptitiously put back, or some other deviltry. Ravensbird's the guilty man, and it will turn out so."

"What do you think, Bruff?" questioned Herbert, as Mr. Apperly marched hastily away, and they stood looking after him.

"Well, sir, we don't—us upper servants—know what to think. If appearances—that is, the quarrel with his master, and his revengeful threats—hadn't been so much against him, we should not have suspected Ravensbird, for he never seemed that sort of bad man. Then, again, the evidence just given has posed us, for if Ravensbird was at the Sailor's Rest, he couldn't have been here on the heights."

"Very true," responded Herbert, in a mechanical tone, as though his thoughts were elsewhere. "There appears to be some mystery over it."

"They had my Lady Adelaide before them in the hall this morning," proceeded Bruff, dropping his voice. "And put the oath to her."

"Lady Adelaide?" quickly repeated Herbert. "Why, what does she know?"

"It seems she saw the scuffle, sir, or partially saw it—as of course we servants suspected before, and that it was what frightened her—and the inspector thought she might have recognized the assailant."

"And did she?" asked Herbert Dane.

"Neither him nor the captain, sir. She was too frightened, she says, and knows nothing."

"Open the door, Bruff. I am going in to my lord."

Lord Dane was alone when Herbert entered the hall. His lordship gave his nephew the heads of what had transpired, dwelling much upon the testimony of the witnesses which tended to establish the alibi, but avowing his positive belief, in spite of it, that Ravensbird had been the man. Herbert agreed; and quitting the hall, went up stairs to the drawing-rooms.

Lady Adelaide was alone. Herbert began speaking, in a low and cautious tone, his eyes ranging round the room, as though he feared the walls might have ears, of the catastrophe of the previous night. He was proceeding to ask what she had seen, what had caused her to scream, in the manner reported, when she vehemently interrupted him.

"Don't enter upon it! don't speak to me! If ever you so much as touch upon it to me by the faintest allusion, I will never willingly suffer you to come into my presence again."

He gazed at her in utter surprise; he could not understand either her words or her vehemence.

"What do you mean, Adelaide? This to me!"

"Yes, to you or to any one. I will not be questioned, or reminded of the horrors of last night. I could not bear it."

Herbert Dane felt vexed, considerably chafed, and he showed it in his rejoinder.

"Does this indicate grief, inordinate grief, for the loss of your declared lover?"

"Never mind what it indicates," she answered, bursting into tears. "Now that he is gone, I feel how unjustifiable was my deceitful treatment of him. And if a promise of mine, to marry him the next hour, would recal him to life, I would joyfully give it."

"You are unhinged, my dear," whispered Herbert Dane, thinking it better to bury his annoyance and surprise, and to soothe her: but that she really was so unhinged as to be scarcely responsible for what she said, he believed. "What a pity it is," he more impetuously broke forth, "that you went near the ruins last night."

"I went there, hoping to meet you," she reproachfully interrupted.

"My dearest, I know it," he hastened to put in, in an appeasing tone. But she would not let him continue, drowning his words with her own.

"You told me in the day you should not be there, if some friends came, whom you were expecting: but you were alone, after the train came in, and I judged that they had not come. Moreover, I saw some one, as I stood at this window, going towards the ruins in the moonlight: I thought it might be you. And you reflect upon me for having gone!"

"Adelaide, what *is* the matter? what have I said, or done, to offend you? Are you angry because I did not go to the ruins? The two Eccingtons had given me a half promise to come over yesterday and dine, but they did not keep it: I did not much think they would. Of course I could have gone to the ruins—and *should*, had I known you would be there. I did not suppose you would go, not expecting me, and I had a reason for stopping at home. Harry Dane had said he would call in and smoke a manilla; nine o'clock was the hour he mentioned, but he was proverbially uncertain, and might have made his appearance earlier. I did not deem it expedient to be out when he came."

Lady Adelaide vouchsafed no answer. She sat with her pale face cast down, playing with the ornaments attached to her chain. Mr. Herbert Dane resumed.

"You speak, and look, as though you had a

reproach to cast to me, Adelaide. What is the cause? How have I offended you?"

She rose up from her chair, and Herbert noticed, as she raised one hand to push her hair from her brow, that the hand was shaking. She followed the bent of his eyes, and saw that he observed her tremor.

"I am—as you remarked but now—unhinged to-day, not fit for the society of any one," she said. "I did not intend to cast a reproach to you for not meeting me at the ruins."

And, sweeping past him, she was quitting the room, when he laid his hand on her arm, to detain her.

"A moment, Adelaide. You may surely tell to me what you would not to others—if you have anything to tell; anything you are concealing. Did you *not* recognize Harry Dane's adversary last night?—not by the faintest shadow of a clue? Every conjecture would point to Ravensbird, yet the man says, earnestly, that he is innocent."

Her face grew ashy white as she stood confronting him, and twice she essayed to speak, ere any sound would come from her bloodless lips.

"I was had down there this morning," she said, pointing to the floor with her hand, to indicate the hall underneath. "I was marshalled, like a criminal, before my lord, and the police, and the lawyers—I know not whom. They made me take the oath; they put to me the question that you are doing. I told them I was unable to testify to the recognition of any one; I was too terrified last night to notice, or to retain recognition. If I could not answer them, do you think it likely I can answer you? You forgot yourself when you asked me."

"Forget myself?" repeated Herbert, wondering more and more at her strangeness of manner.

"Yes, forgot yourself; or you would not so have spoken upon the very heels of my caution. I will forgive this, I will pass it over, believing you transgressed it through forgetfulness: but never, never you attempt to open the subject to me again, for I would not suffer it with impunity."

She quitted finally the room, and Herbert advanced to the door and followed her with his eyes. He had never seen her like this. Always gay, always light-hearted, always loving and confidential to him had she hitherto been. What had changed her? What had invoked her present dark mood? A contraction of perplexity knitted his brow, as he gazed after her; but she did not turn to look at him: at other times her nods and her smiles had been his till she was out of sight. She sped on to her own apartments, and Herbert Dane quitted the castle.

That Lady Adelaide's conduct, touching the affair, was unaccountable, all must admit, but upon none had it made so deep an impression as upon the police inspector. After she had given her evidence, after Mitchel's remark that it might have been a woman, after Ravensbird appeared to be cleared, a most extraordinary idea flashed into the officer's mind, and grew there: was Lady Adelaide the one who had been disputing on the heights with Captain Dane?

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE PACKMAN. THE DEATH-ROOM.

But, ere long, another phase in the strange story was to be turned. As Herbert Dane was strolling down towards Daneshold from the castle, he encountered a man well known in the locality—better known than trusted, indeed. His name was Drake, and his ostensible occupation was that of a fisherman, to which he added as much smuggling as he could accomplish with impunity. He took off his blue, woolen cap, made after the form of a cotton nightcap, to salute Mr. Herbert Dane.

"A fine horrid tale I've been a hearing of, master, since our boat got in," began he. "Folks be a saying as the captain's got murdered, and his body a floating away in the sea; Davy Jones o'ny knows to what part. Be it true?"

"It is an incomprehensible affair altogether, Drake, and seems to be shrouded in mystery; but I fear it is only too true. The body has not been found."

"Who was it, as attacked him on the heights, master?"

"Ah! that is the question," was Herbert Dane's response.

"They be saying, down in the village yonder, as it turns out not to have been the captain's servant, though the thing was first put upon him, and he was took up."

"I know they are saying it; at least, I make no doubt they are."

"Well, now, master, perhaps I can throw some light upon this here. 'Twon't be much, though."

"You!" returned Herbert, gazing at Drake.

"Yes, me. I had been up to Nut Cape, for I wanted to have a talk with old—that is—that is, I had been up the road past the castle—"

"Never mind speaking out, Drake," interrupted Herbert Dane, significantly, for the man had got confused when he broke off. "You had been up to Nut Cape to hold one of your confabs with that old smuggler, Beecher; that's about the English of it. But if I saw you pushing in a boat load of contraband goods under my very eyes, you might do it, for me; I have no sway in the place, that I should interfere, and I concern myself with nobody's business but my own. So, go on, fearlessly."

"Well, I had been up to old Beecher's," acknowledged Drake, "but only for a yarn, indeed, master; nothing else. I stopped there longer than I ought, and was coming back again full pelt, afraid the boat might put off without me, when I heard voices in dispute."

"Whereabouts?" asked Herbert.

"I was on the brow of the heights, had kept close to it all the way, and was just abreast o' them ruins o' the chapel, between it and the sea, when my ear caught the sound. It seemed to come from the direction of the castle, and I cut across towards it, thinking I'd spare a moment to see what the row was. Standing about midway between the ruins and the castle were two men; the one was speaking in a harsh, commanding tone, and I had got a'most up to him when I saw it was Captain Dane. Seeing that, of course I cut away again."

"Where do you say this was?" demanded Herbert, pausing some moments before he spoke.

"Between them ruins and the castle; a trifle nearer the castle, maybe. 'Tother man was a stranger."

"A stranger?"

"Leastways he was a stranger to me; I'd never seen him afore, to my knowledge. A biggish sort of fellow, with a pack in his hand."

"A pack?" uttered Herbert again.

"Or som'at that looked like one. If 'twasn't a pack, 'twas a big parcel. I didn't take much notice of him, seeing the other was the captain. The captain was blowing him up."

"In what terms?" cried Herbert, with vivid eagerness. "Can you remember?"

"How dare you, fellow?" I heard him say, and those were all the words I caught distinct. But I heard them both at it, railing like, as I steered off."

"What time was this?"

"Well, now, I can't be positive to a quarter of an hour," was Drake's reply. "'Twas past eight, and 'twasn't near nine; I should guess it might be a quarter past eight, rather more, maybe."

Herbert Dane mused; he was revolving the information.

"Are you sure, Drake," he asked, "that it was not Ravensbird?"

"Be I a otter, master, to have no sense in my eyes?" was Drake's response. "'Twasn't no more like Ravensbird than 'twas like me or you. 'Twas a chap rising five foot ten, with broad shoulders.

"You must speak of this affair before Lord Dane."

"I was on my way to the castle now, to do it; I knows my duty. Not but what I'd rather go ten miles t'other way, than face his lordship."

Herbert Dane laughed.

"He is not so lenient to you smugglers as you would like, and you fear him. But, if you can help his lordship to trace out this assaulter of his son, it will no doubt atone for some old scores, Drake."

"Any ways it's my duty, having seen what I did see. And I'm not a going to shirk it, master."

He proceeded towards the castle, and Herbert Dane continued his way in the direction of Daneshold. But scarcely had he taken many steps when a slight bend in the road brought him to a milestone, hidden from his view previously; and half seated upon it, deep in thought, was Ravensbird.

"You are in a brown study, Ravensbird."

The man positively started. He had been so buried within himself as to be oblivious to the approach, and the voice aroused him abruptly.

"I was absent in last night's work, sir; that is, my spirit was," was Ravensbird's reply. "I did not hear you come up."

"Ravensbird," returned Herbert Dane, "if a man has been led into an error, the least he can do, is, to acknowledge it, when his mind opens to the conviction that it *was* an error. I regret having avowed to you my belief that you were the destroyer of your master."

A peculiar smile, somewhat cynical in its nature, flitted over the features of Ravensbird.

"I find that another attacked Captain Dane on the heights last night; at any rate, that Captain Dane and another were having a broil there together, about the time of the catastrophe; therefore it is but fair to infer that that other was the offender."

The smile on Ravensbird's face was exchanged for a look of astonishment.

"Who?" he uttered.

"Some strange man, with a pack in his hand. I should imagine it must have been a travelling hawker, or person of that class; such men have been known, before now, to commit evil deeds. He may have tried to extort money from Captain Dane, and, finding he could not, have proceeded to violence. One fact appears to be indisputable; that they were giving vent to angry passions, one against the other."

"Who saw, or heard this?" asked Ravensbird. "You, sir?"

"I?" echoed Herbert Dane. "What a very senseless question! Had I witnessed it—or indeed anything else connected with the affair—should I have kept it to myself? No, Ravensbird; had I known this, I should not have been so hasty to indulge suspicions of you."

"Then who was it?" somewhat impatiently resumed Ravensbird.

"Drake. The man stopped me a few minutes ago, to tell me what he had seen. He was on his way to the castle to declare it to my lord; and he has gone on there now."

"And he says it was a stranger?"

"A man he did not know, and had never seen before. A big, hulky fellow, with a pack. Just the description one is apt to expect of those itinerant peddlers."

"Drake has been tardy in declaring this," sarcastically returned Ravensbird.

"Not at all. He could not declare it out at sea, where he has been all night. His boat is but just in—as I understand—and he knew nothing till he landed of the accident to Captain Dane."

Ravensbird did not reply. His eyes seemed to be fixed in vacancy, as if in thought. Herbert proceeded.

"When you gave utterance to the expression that you could place your finger upon the offender, I believed you were speaking in vain boastfulness, if not in deceit. I conclude now, that you must have been aware of this encounter of Captain Dane's with the stranger, and alluded to the latter when you spoke. Was it so?"

"I—I was not aware—that—that Captain Dane—I did not know of any encounter, of his, with a stranger," replied Ravensbird, in a slow, hesitating tone, his eyes still bearing the appearance of a man in a dream.

Herbert Dane scanned him searchingly.

"Possibly this man was no stranger to your master."

"Possibly not," was the reply of Ravensbird, waking from his reverie. "It is scarcely probable that a stranger would attack him to his death."

"You speak in riddles, Ravensbird. Did you allude to this man, or not, when you spoke?"

"Sir," respectfully returned Ravensbird, "you must pardon me for declining to answer."

And nothing more could Herbert Dane get from him; and the parting, in consequence, though friendly, was not to the former satisfactory.

Drake, meanwhile, reached the castle, and disclosed his tale to Lord Dane. However loose may have been the fisherman's antecedents, in the way of smuggling and other matters, bringing him under the displeasure and surveillance of the lord, that was no reason for his present account being doubted. Indeed, that he was but declaring the truth, was evident even to the lynx eyed Lawyer Apperly, who was summoned to the conference. The police also were summoned, and Drake had to repeat his tale to them. Should he know the man again? they asked him. Drake was not sure: not by his face, he thought, for he did not take much note of it: if he knew him again it would be by his shoulders and the pack. Not very conclusive distinctive marks, decided the inspector.

A search was set on foot: as active as could be supposed to be undertaken by village police; which is not saying a great deal. Inquiries were made at Daneshield and its environs, extending to the neighboring towns around and past them, as to whether a man, answering the description, had been seen. But all to no avail: nobody appeared to have observed any such traveller. A farm laborer, at work about six miles off, deposed that he had noticed a man the afternoon of the accident, going towards Daneshold, a "brown man, with a sort o' box on his back."

"And big shoulders?" questioned the police officer.

"Nos, not he," was the answer; "he didn't seem to ha' got no shoulders. A little undersized chap, it were, no bigger nor a weasel."

So that description did not tally. Neither did any other, that the police could find out, and the affair remained involved in mystery.

There is an old saying, that misfortune never comes alone. Lord Dane wrote to his eldest son to acquaint him with the melancholy fate of his brother, and requested him to return home. For years there had been an unpleasant estrangement between the brothers, but, with death, these estrangements, or rather the remembrance of them, generally end. Harry Dane had been the favorite son: Geoffry, the eldest, a cold, haughty, overbearing man by nature, had resented the partiality of his parents, his own disposition magnifying the predilection ten fold, and he had now been for some time abroad. The handsome fortune Harry had dropped into, a young man, had also been a sore point with the Honorable Geoffry: and, altogether, he preferred to live a life of estrangement from his kindred. His letters home were few and far between, and at the present moment Lord Dane did not know precisely where to address to him: he had been in Paris, but had spoken of leaving it, for Italy, for Malta, and other places in rotation. So Lord Dane sent his letter to their banker's in London, who was kept cognisant of the movements of Geoffrey Dane, giving them instructions to forward it without delay.

They did so, and the days, nay, the weeks passed on, but still Mr. Dane arrived not. Lord Dane grew angry. "Geoffry might have written, at least," he observed to his wife, "if he did not choose to come."

Alas! he came all too soon. Not himself; not himself; but what remained of him. News arrived first: a letter written by his personal attendant, who was a native of Daneshold.

Mr. Dane had been suddenly attacked in the neighborhood of Rome by one of those fevers common to hot and unhealthy climates, and in three days was dead. The letter, written by Lord Dane, and duly forwarded by the London bankers, had never reached him (it might be travelling half over the continent after him then), and he had died in ignorance of the fate of his brother. Even then, as Lord Dane perused the unhappy letter, his body was on its way to England for interment, having been embarked on board a steamer at Civita Vecchia.

Very sad, very grievous were the tidings to Dane Castle, and the flag on it floated half mast high—the custom when a death occurred in the family. But a little span, since it had so floated for Harry Dane, and now it was floating for Geoffry! Lord and Lady Dane were bowed down to the very earth with grief; they were their only children; and whispers went abroad that her ladyship would not be long after them: people said they could see the "change for death" in her.

On a gay morning in the beginning of May, a hearse, whose sable, mournful plumes contrasted unpleasingly with the world's sunny brightness, arrived at Dane Castle, having brought something inside it from Southampton. The burthen was taken from within it and deposited in a certain apartment of the castle, called the death-room.

Why was it called by so unpropitious a name? the reader will inquire. Simply because it was a room consecrated to the dead. When any of the family died, they were placed there to await interment, lie in state, it may be said, and the public were admitted to see the sight. The apartment was never used for any other purpose, though occasionally opened to be aired: a large, cold, gray room it was, perfectly empty, with high windows and a stone floor. Tradition went, that when any one of the Danes was about to leave the world, that floor would become damp in patches; not damp all over, as it did in wet weather; but they were very stupid who believed in any such nonsensical superstition.

The trestles were brought from their hiding closet and set up in the middle of the room, and the coffin was placed upon it. Lord Dane was wheeled in, in his chair; Lady Dane glided in and stood by his side, both struggling to suppress their grief until they should be alone to indulge it. Some of the upper servants were also present, and a workman, purposely summoned to the castle, prepared to unscal the coffin.

At that moment, Wilkins, the servant who had accompanied the body from abroad, he who had written to Lord Dane, stepped forward, placed his hand on the man's tools to arrest him, and then addressed Lord Dane.

"My lord—I beg your pardon—but is it a safe thing to do, think you? May there not be danger? He died of malignant fever."

A disagreeable feeling fell upon all, and some drew involuntarily a step back. Lord Dane reflected.

"I do not fear infection," he presently said. "Let those, who do fear it, retire, but I will see the remains of my son. Stories have been told, before now, of—of—others being substituted for those supposed to be dead."

Wilkins turned to Lord Dane, astonishment on his face and tears in his eyes.

"My lord, is it possible you can suspect—"

"No reflection on you, Wilkins," interrupted his lordship; "I did not mean to imply any. There is a difference between satisfaction from the conviction of the mind, and satisfaction from ocular demonstration. I have no moral doubt whatever that my dear son Geoffry does lie within that coffin; nevertheless, I choose to be indisputably assured of the fact. Retire," he somewhat sharply added to the servants; "and do you," nodding to the mechanic, "proceed with your work. Had you not also better leave us?"

The last words were addressed to Lady Dane. She simply shook her head, and waited.

It was a long process, for the lead had to be unsoldered. But it was accomplished at last. The domestics had quitted the room, all save Bruff.

Lord Dane looked at him in a questioning manner.

"*I* have no fear, my lord. Allow me to see the last of poor Mr. Geoffry."

Geoffry Dane it was, unmistakably: and less changed than might have been expected, under the circumstances. A long, yearning look from all of them, a few stifled sobs from the childless mother, and the coffins were reclosed forever. Then they left the room, and the public, those who chose to come, were admitted.

A sort of fright, so to term it, took place that night in the house, one that caused some unpleasant commotion. It happened that Sophie, Lady Adelaide's maid, was suffering from a violent cough, which had clung to her some weeks, and was especially troublesome at night. She was in the habit of taking a soothing drink for it, made of herbs, or, as she called it in her own language, tisane, which she took regularly up to bed with her. On this night she forgot it, and would not return for it, for she, in conjunction with the rest, felt nervous when going through the long passages, considering WHAT was in the house. But Sophie's cough proved to be unusually severe, no sleep could she get; and at length she rose from her bed, determined to brave ghostly fancies and lonely corridors, and fetch the tisane. Wrapping herself up, she started, carrying a hand lamp.

Away she scuttered down the stairs. Her road to the housekeeper's parlor, where the drink had been left, lay past the death room: how Sophie flew by its door, how her heart beat, and her skin crept, she would not like to have told. In common with the generality of French, of her grade and class, she was given to superstitious fears touching the presence of the dead, more so than are the English of the lower orders. But there's an old proverb, "More haste, less speed," and poor Sophie received an exemplification of it; for, so great was her haste, that in passing the very spot, the dreaded door, she lost one of her slippers. With a half cry of terror at the stoppage *there*, Sophie snatched it up in her hand, did not wait to put it on, but tore on to the parlor.

The drink was inside the fender, where it had been placed to retain its warmth. Sophie took up the jug, and put it on the table for a moment while she drew breath, (short with the running and the fright,) and put on the refractory slipper. She was stooping down to accomplish the latter, when a noise close above her head interrupted her.

It was nothing but the striking of the timepiece on the mantle shelf, two strokes; one, two; telling the half hour; the half hour after midnight. But Sophie's nerves were unhinged, and it startled her beyond self-control. She shrieked, she grasped the nearest thing to her, which happened to be a chair, she hid her face upon it, and she wondered how in the world she could muster courage to get back to her room.

Back she must get, somehow, for the longer she stayed, the worse she grew. "If ever I leave my tisane down stairs again," quoth Sophie, "may a ghost run away with me, that's all!" She took up the jug, drew her cloak round her, and began to speed back again; not very fast this time, for fear of spilling the tisane.

Poor Sophie! the real fright was coming. As she gained the corridor in which was situated the death room, her hair nearly stood on end, and her skin was as a goose's skin, quivering and cold. A perfect horror grew upon her, in that moment, of passing the dreaded door.

And well it might. She did gain it; how, she hardly knew; but instead of rushing past it, with her head turned the other way, some power seemed to impel her head towards it. If you ever experienced the same uncontrollable midnight terror, reader, you will understand it. Sophie's eyes irresistibly, and in spite of her will, turned right upon the door, fascinated as by the evil power of the basilisk: had her very life depended on it, she could not have kept them away. And in the same instant, a hollow wailing sound, like a groan, broke from within the stillness of the room.

Nearly paralyzed, nearly bereft of her senses, Sophie fell against the door, and the movement caused it to open, as though it had been imperfectly latched: yet Sophie knew that the door had been securely locked the previous evening at dusk. But for the door post she might have fallen with her head inside it; that saved her. There came another groan, and what looked like a flood of white light from the room; and the miserable Sophie, breaking into the most unearthly shrieks and yells, flew along the corridor, dropping the jug and the tisane with a crash and a splash! That those hermetic solderings and fastenings had come undone, and what they confined down had risen, and was after her, was the least of her imaginings.

Out came the terrified servants; peal upon peal rang the bell of Lord Dane; Lady Adelaide opened her door and stood at it, her face as white as her maid's.

When they gathered in the account of the shaking Sophie, some of the braver of the domestics proceeded to the death-room, and there the cause was made clear.

Kneeling on the stone floor beside the coffin, lost to all outward things, save her grief, a white dressing gown only thrown over her night clothes, was Lady Dane. The groans of pain, of sorrow, had come from her; and the "white light," as Sophie had described it, from her lamp. Not for a long while, a whole hour, could they prevail upon the unhappy lady to return to her own chamber: in vain they urged upon her that she would surely catch her death of cold. "What matters it?" she murmured. "Harry first, Geoffry next; both gone, both cut off in their prime: what signifies death, or anything else, that may come to me?"

Geoffry was buried in the family vault, amidst much pomp and ceremony, as befitted, according to the world's usages, the late heir of the Danes. Lord Dane was too ill to be taken to the funeral, and the chief mourner was Herbert, now the presumptive successor to the title, and to the wide and rich domains.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860.

**TERMS, &c.**

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.


REMOVAL.—Before the issue of another paper, we design removing the office of THE POST to *No.* 319 Walnut Street, between Third and Fourth Streets, on the upper side of the way.

## MRS. GURNEY'S LETTER.

*We take it for granted that no habitual reader of* THE POST *will suppose that we would have published Mrs. Gurney's letter, if we considered it merited in the least the gross epithets that certain journals have applied to it. We first saw the letter in question in the New York Tribune, our attention being called to it by an editorial relative thereto. Reading the editorial, we were surprised that the Tribune would publish what it considered so sensual and corrupt a production. But when we turned from the editorial to the letter itself, while we were able to see great error, we were not able to see any of that grossness which the editorial had prepared us to see. If our opinion had been the same as the Tribune's, we should have held ourselves inexcusable in printing such a production in our columns.*

*We may be allowed here to express our opinion that a more unjust and grossly uncharitable criticism was never penned than that editorial of the Tribune's. It is, in our opinion, incomparably grosser and more sensual and mischievous than the letter it condemns. And when we remember that it is an attack upon a woman, who, although greatly erring, is still at least entitled to the pity of every true-hearted man, we regard it as entirely indefensible. In fact, so grossly unjust is it, giving as it does the most sensual construction to language which does not fairly admit of any such interpretation,—and suggesting ideas not to be found at all in Mrs. Gurney's letter, and which should not be found in any decent paper—that we do not hesitate in saying that the writer of that editorial, whoever he is, needs "a change of heart" about as much as Mrs. Gurney herself.*

*In conclusion we may say, that we have always refused to open our columns to detailed accounts of prize fights, and of Sickles' cases, &c., because we deemed them corrupting. But, having read Mrs. Gurney's letter with our own eyes, and not through the Tribune's distorting spectacles, we have published it because, as we have said, we deemed it more calculated to do good, by leading to charitable thoughts of the erring, and, we may add, by showing the danger of marriages based upon mere worldly advantages and family considerations, than harm by its false teachings. As we for one should have regretted not to have read that letter, we thought its perusal would be also welcome to many of our readers. And we must confess that we are infinitely amused at the editorial stomachs which the details of brutal prize fights and loathsome criminal trials seem so well to agree with, and which yet affect to grow qualmish over the guarded language and the sophistical but not gross or unrefined reasoning of Mrs. Gurney.*

POETICAL IMAGES.—The New York Evening Post, speaking of the departure of the Great Eastern, says:—

Whether the great ship will ever revisit our shores, and what is to be her future destiny, are profound secrets which still lie *locked in the womb of the future or in the bosoms of the Board of Directors.*

DEPARTURE OF THE GREAT EASTERN.—The Great Eastern went off from New York "in a huff," on the 15th, homeward bound—having been sued on the eve of her departure, by a colored restaurant-keeper, for a bill of a few hundred dollars, and levied upon by the Sheriff until other security was given. As she went down the bay, the Sheriff went after her with another attachment, but she managed to get outside before he could overtake her. She seems to be such an unfortunate ship, and to have such a wonderful facility in getting into trouble, that if there be in the next world any ocean of hot water for her to sail in, she will doubtless ultimately find her way there by sheer force of attraction.

One of her latest troubles, as we hear from England, is a suit for $65,000 brought by the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, for a breach of contract in not going to Portland. This will please the Portland people probably, who consider themselves very meanly used.

On the whole, the visit of the Great Eastern has not tended to promote that good feeling between England and the United States which we should like to see. There certainly must be plenty of gentlemen in England, and in the naval service—then why not send gentlemen, and men of good business qualifications, in charge of the vessel. Our readers already know about the shameful mismanagement of the trip to Cape May; and at Annapolis, the ungentlemanly behavior of the officers of the Great Eastern was a matter of general complaint. Two of the officers, in fact, had to be knocked down, to teach them proper respect for their lady visitors. The contrast between the officers of our own service, who are always courteous and attentive to their lady guests, and the British officers in question, was very marked indeed—and the ladies, a very influential portion of the world, in America particularly—are almost disposed to vote John Bull a vulgar boor.

But we beg of them to suspend their judgment for the present. It is all the bad luck of the Great Eastern. Although it is hot summer weather, she will be almost certain to dash her dull brains out against an iceberg going home. We have scarcely a doubt of it. Nothing but a change of luck will save her—and it would be hardly reasonable to expect that.

LUCIFER MATCHES.—Messrs. *Baldwin & Co.*, of *Cincinnati, Ohio*, send us a package of matches of their manufacture, which they say are entirely *free* from all sulphur, phosphorus, or other poisonous substances, and which cannot be lighted by friction except upon the prepared cards which accompany them. The cards are equally harmless without the matches—though when the latter are rubbed upon the former, a flame is easily produced.

We have tried to ignite the matches sent by Messrs. Baldwin & Co., by rubbing them against various substances, but have not succeeded, except when we used the cards. Therefore we should think them an entirely safe article for use, so far as accidental friction is concerned. And if they contain no sulphur or phosphorus, we should think they were not liable to be ignited by the rays of the sun, shining through common window glass.

AGREEABLE INFORMATION FOR THE RAILROADS.—The editor of an English railway journal (Herapath's) says that rails made of good iron do not wear out in places where the running is even and regular, as on the middle of a line over which the trains run in the ordinary way. Experiments have been made by taking up and carefully weighing rails in this position after twelve months' wear or more, which were found not sensibly to have lost any weight during that time, thereby proving that there could have been no sensible wear. He has further been assured that, after being down for many years, they showed no signs of material wear. It is true that, near stations and places of "shunting," where there is much sliding and slipping by the application of the brakes or otherwise, there is a very sensible wear. But this is caused by slipping friction, not rolling. Good news all this—if true.

A KING OF JERUSALEM IN PROSPECT.—It is said that Louis Napoleon is at present hand-in-glove with Baron Rothschild, the great Money King of the Jews—he being almost the only visitor now received at St. Cloud—and that it is the intention of the Emperor to make the Baron King of Jerusalem, under the protection of France,—for "von leetle consideration." This looks a little as if the predicted time of the Gentiles was drawing to a close, and that the Jews were to gather again from all quarters of the earth to the sacred city.

A CHARMINGLY WISE LADY EDITOR.—One of our exchanges, which has a talented, accomplished, beautiful and bewitching lady for its editor, recently contained the following paragraph among its replies to correspondents:

"Fanny B.?" The love of a woman is beyond comparison, but the love of a man is like that of angels when they come down from heaven and give grace and beneficence to every one. Where there is a knowledge of life there is also an acquaintance with the law of love.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE. By Mrs. CAROLINE H. BUTLER LAING. Published by G. G. Evans, 439 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE EBONY IDOL. "It is the land of Graven Images, and they are mad upon their idols." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

LIFE OF WILLIAM T. PORTER. By FRANCIS BRINLEY. With a Portrait. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID; With Explanatory Notes. By HENRY S. FRIEZE, Professor of Latin in the State University of Michigan. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

A GREEK GRAMMAR, for Schools and Colleges. By JAMES HADLEY, Professor in Yale College. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

☞ There are 7,700 veins in an inch of mother of-pearl. These decompose the rays of light, and produce the prismatic colors.

# LETTER FROM PARIS.

## A SCENE FROM FRENCH LIFE.

(CONCLUDED.)

PARIS, July 27, 1860.

*Mr. Editor of the Post:*—

The family of the large-hearted senders of the guinea-fowls, whose arrival had created so great a sensation in the circle of Madame de Pertuis, consisted of two sons and one daughter, the eldest boy being an idiot, whom his parents have been obliged, as the sole chance of awakening his intelligence, to send to a special institution, where he has been most kindly and patiently brought up, though, as yet, the latent faculties of his mind, supposing them *really to exist*, have been but slightly developed by the excellent course of training to which the unfortunate youth has been subjected.

The second boy is stupid, heavy, and selfish, having been at once petted and neglected by his mother, who seems to think that anything like earnest application to study is quite unnecessary for a descendant of the line of Vilmore.

Strange to say, the daughter is both clever and handsome; endowed by nature with a charming exterior, an ardent desire of knowledge, and a quiet perseverance in the pursuit of an end, which seem doubly admirable in one sprung from a stock so very unpromising as that of the Vilmores. The Baroness has never manifested any great affection for her daughter, whom she had destined to a nunnery, in order to swell the fortune of her favorite son at his sister's expense, by given him the share of the patrimonial heritage which would be hers, according to the provisions of the French law. But the young lady's bent being decidedly against the living death of the cloister, and her determination to gratify her thirst for learning being backed with unusual energy by her father, whose idol she is, Mademoiselle Pauline was at length placed in a very good boarding-school at Lyons, in the neighborhood of which city lies the estate of Vilmore, where she soon exhausted the means of study at her disposal, and whence, not without a good deal of opposition on the part of her mother, she persuaded her father to remove her to Paris, where she was placed in a renowned seminary of that city, and where she formed a romantic attachment to two young ladies, daughters of Marquis de Tarrell, whose chateau was in the neighborhood of Vilmore; but who, with his wife, had resided in the metropolis for many years, with a view to securing the best possible educational advantages for their children. With the consent of her parents, Pauline frequently accompanied these young ladies, when they went home for an occasional holiday, and thus became acquainted with their brother, a fine young fellow just completing his studies, who was not long in falling in love with his sisters' charming friend. Mademoiselle Pauline, on her side, was not insensible to the many excellent qualities of the young Count; and when the time came for her return to Vilmore, the young people, *after* a somewhat tragic leave-taking—it was the first time they had ever found themselves together without the presence of others—parted with the understanding that the young Count should immediately inform the young lady's parents of his passion, and demand her hand.

When Pauline reached the chateau de Vilmore, she found that her mother had determined, as an offset against the disappointment of her project of making her a nun, to get her married with the shortest possible delay. A rich lawyer of Lyons, old enough to be her father, was anxious to introduce himself among the aristocracy of the region, and had offered to take the Baron's daughter without any "dot." Madame de Vilmore eagerly closed with this offer, and had caused the *trousseau* to be prepared in readiness, and Pauline would probably have been led to the altar the day after her return home, had not her father—who never found courage to oppose his better half, except in the interest of his daughter—absolutely insisted on the marriage being deferred until she should have had the time to judge for herself with regard to the proposed alliance.

The Baroness, on her daughter's return to the paternal roof, had written to Marquis de Tarrell, expressing, in the measured style in which her correspondence was invariably conducted, her thanks, and those of the Baron, for the kindness and hospitality which had been extended to her daughter by himself and "the amiable Marquise," and informed them of Pauline's approaching marriage, expatiating on the fortune of the bridegroom elect, but omitting (of course) all allusion to the little private arrangement concerning the young lady's "dot," and wound up her epistle by entreating the Marquis to do her the pleasure of accepting the hamper of game which she should cause to be forwarded to him as soon as the shooting season opened.

Of course, this hamper was never sent; and, equally of course, the young Count was plunged into a state bordering on distraction by the dreadful announcement of Pauline's marriage. For several days he gave himself up to bitter mental accusations against the inconstant object of his affections; but having suddenly reflected that she was probably the victim of the maternal will, he determined to hazard a prayer to the managing Baroness, beseeching her if Pauline's sentiments toward him remained, to have pity on two hearts which were formed for each other, and whose happiness or misery was in her hands.

The Baroness received this timid but impassioned appeal with excessive satisfaction. Pauline, it is scarcely needful to state, had at once declared, in the most positive manner, against the rich Lyons lawyer; and her mother, though prodigiously vexed at this "obstinacy," and the danger of the elements of the *trousseau* becoming old-fashioned while Pauline was making up her mind on the choice of some one else in his place, was perforce obliged to suspend, for the time being, the execution of her matrimonial designs upon her daughter; while the latter, fully confiding in the promises and protestations of her Parisian adorer, consoled herself under her mother's displeasure by the hope that he would soon place himself openly on the list of her suitors, keeping this hope, however, completely to herself.

The Baroness received the timid but impassioned appeal of the young Count with exulting satisfaction. She knew, to a *centime*, the value of the Marquis's rent roll; and though she was quite aware that, in case of such an alliance, she could not hope to defraud her daughter of the inheritance to which she was legally entitled, she at once decided—shrewd woman of business as she was—that the indirect advantages of such an alliance would more than compensate her favorite son for the loss of the double portion which she had been so long scheming to secure for him. Pauline's pertinacious refusal to admit the claims of any of her suitors was now fully explained to the maternal intelligence; and, for the first time in her life, she found herself regarding this unmanageable daughter with a feeling akin to affection, for although the birth and fortune of her daughter were such as to warrant her belief that the Marquis would not object to the choice of his son, the alliance would nevertheless be a very brilliant one for Pauline.

But delighted as she was with the vision of a Marquis's coronet thus suddenly revealed above her daughter's head, the Baroness gave no outward sign of her rejoicing. Like many other wives who rule their husbands with tyrannous determination, she was, in theory, a firm stickler for masculine supremacy, and never failed to preach up the inalienable rights of husbands and fathers, while retaining her "lord and master" in a state of passive subjection, from which nothing but his affection for his daughter could rouse him even for an instant. Besides her cherished theory on the claims of masculine supremacy, she also professed an intense distrust and disapprobation of anything in the shape of a love-match; and held that when matrimony was on the tapis, the very last persons who should have any voice in the contemplated arrangement where the future pair themselves. The affection expressed by the young Count for her daughter, and the probability that the latter already responded to this affection, were very shocking to her notions of prudence and propriety, and would have sufficed to set her completely against any matrimonial project presenting less palpable advantages. Being compelled to digest, as well as she could, the fact that the young people had presumed to love one another before their parents had tied them together for the rest of their existence, the Baroness was determined, at all events, to vindicate the honor of her favorite theories in her reply to the irregular demand of the young Count; and having locked herself into her own room, she addressed him the following letter:

"I have just received, Monsieur le Comte, the letter which you have done me the honor to address to me, and in which you testify to me your desire that I should favor your aspirations to the hand of Mademoiselle, my daughter.

"My sense of duty compels me, Monsieur le Comte, to express to you, in the strongest manner, my conviction of the utter inadmissibility of the demand which you have done me the *honor to address to me*. You will allow me to remind you that marriage being in no way an affair of sentiment, but being, on the contrary, the most serious business act of life, the urging of a matrimonial alliance on the ground of a pre-conceived affection between the parties, is a mode of proceeding as dangerous as erroneous.

"You will also permit me to say that, marriage being simply and solely an affair of interest and suitability, it is a matter which between families of every station in life, should be left entirely to the enlightened prudence of their respective heads. I am happy to believe that Mademoiselle, my daughter, has been too carefully instructed in her duty as a daughter and as a woman, to hesitate to confide to her father the care of insuring her future happiness.

"Such being my views upon the serious subject of matrimony, you will not be surprised, Monsieur le Comte, if I add that I consider the letter you have addressed to me, as being still more reprehensible than that which you have addressed to my daughter, and that these communications will be regarded by me as though they had not been received.

"Accept, Monsieur le Comte, the assurance of my most distinguished sentiments.

"BARONESS DE VILMORE.

"At the Chateau of Vilmore, this 27th July, 185—."

In penning this enlightened and dignified reply to the young Comte's epistle, Madame de Vilmore merely intended to show him her displeasure at his informal way of proceeding; and supposed that he would at once, on receiving this rebuke, perceive the necessity of addressing his demand to his father, in order that it might be by him transmitted in due form, to the father of the young lady. Unfortunately, the young Count, who was perhaps too much in love to be very clearsighted on the occasion, regarded this stately communication as a rejection of his candidateship, and a quasher of his hopes. The allusion to the resignation with which Mademoiselle Julie was prepared to accept her father's disposal of her hand, was understood by him as equivalent to an assertion that she was about to marry the rich lawyer of Lyons, and regarding his case as desperate, he abandoned himself to all the "bitterness" with which the downfall of "a first love" is proverbially apt to be accompanied. He became gloomy, sad, and irritable; lost his gaiety and his appetite, and had occasional thoughts of suicide. His sisters endeavored, in vain, to draw from him the secret of his unhappiness; and his parents, who watched him with silent anxiety, forbore to question him, hoping that the habits of affectionate confidence in which they had brought up their children, would lead him to explain to them, spontaneously, the nature of his trouble. The young Count, however, interpreting Madame de Vilmore's letter as intended to show him that his aspirations were inadmissible, and persuaded that Julie had weakly allowed herself to be made over to the lawyer, determined to keep his sorrow to himself, and not to grieve his parents by confiding to them a disappointment which they could neither prevent nor console.

The young lady, meantime, was making herself fully as unhappy at what she considered the forgetfulness of her Parisian lover, as he was doing over her supposed acceptance of another suitor. Between herself and her mother, as we have seen, no confidence had ever existed; and a very natural reluctance to recall an affection which she now began to imagine was not really reciprocated by its object, prevented her from betraying her uneasiness even to her father. Some months passed in this manner; the two young people believing themselves mutually jilted, and the one losing his good looks, and the other her roses.

As winter set in, the Marquis and his wife, seeing that their son's secret trouble seemed to be growing deeper than ever, bethought them of sending him to spend a few months in Italy. Before proposing this plan to him, however, they determined to sound him with regard to a matrimonial project which they had been for some time turning over in their minds, and which, if they could succeed in inducing him to regard in a favorable light, they considered might offer a still more efficacious means of diverting him from his melancholy, than the Italian tour. The father accordingly took advantage of a quiet walk he had proposed to the son, in the Bois de Boulogne, and proceeded, with much caution, to ascertain the young man's sentiments upon the matter, remarking that it was perhaps time for him to be thinking of the choice of a wife, and suggesting that the cares and pleasures of family life were the best cure for the weariness of existence which so often seizes on the mind of those who live only for themselves.

"Your mother fully agrees with me in all I have now said," added the Marquis, "and I will not conceal from you that we have both formed a very decided wish upon the subject. My old friend, the Prince de Forli, is now in Paris, with a charming and accomplished daughter, whom you have already seen; if you could love this young lady, and obtain her affection, there would be, I think, no obstacle in the way of your union. Mademoiselle de Forli is not very rich; but that is a consideration which, if I have rightly judged my son, will not weigh seriously with him. Your mother likes her, your sisters like her, but—though *we* all like her, the main question is, of course, do you think *you* can like her?"

"My dear father," answered the son, touched by his father's kindness, but shocked and alarmed at a project so contrary to his secret wishes, "I am deeply sensible of your goodness, and of that of my dear mother; but I can never love Mademoiselle de Forli. She is, I doubt not, a very charming girl, and one whom I might be proud to marry, but she will never be my wife! I fear," he added bitterly, "that I am not fated to find a wife!"

The Marquis remained for a few moments silent, pondering these words. Presently he stood still, and turning toward his son, laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"Listen to me, Philippe," said he, kindly, but firmly, "what you have just said is not natural at your age, and in your position. I have always respected your individuality; and I will not seek to induce you to explain these words (which probably refer to the cause of the sadness which we have so long noticed in you, without being able to understand its cause) *unless you wish to do so*. You know too well our affection for you to doubt either the pain which your state of apathy and ennui has caused both to your mother and to me, or the satisfaction with which we should endeavor to assist your wishes were it in our power to do so. Philippe, my son, can we really do nothing for you? and must the subject of your regret remain a secret from those who love you best?"

The young man's heart opened to these affectionate words; and after a brief struggle with his reluctance to confess the unlucky course of his first and only passion, he confided to his father the particulars known to my readers.

"My dear boy, I heartily thank you for your confidence," replied his father, when the young man had finished his story, "and I cannot help believing that there must be some absurd misunderstanding in the matter, susceptible of very easy removal. Mademoiselle de Vilmore is a good and charming young woman, whom we should all receive with joy as your wife. I wonder, now, at our blindness in not seeing into a matter so altogether natural as the preference with which she has inspired you, and though I cannot explain the strange reply of the Baroness to your letter, I think I can already give you some intelligence that may show you that your passion is probably less hopeless than you imagine. I have received, this very morning, a letter from the Baron, in which he informs me that the proposed match between his daughter and the Lyons lawyer is broken off, that his daughter is not well, and that he is anxious to bring her to Paris to consult the doctors about her, but that she resolutely refuses to allow him to do so."

Philippe's face, which had brightened amazingly at the news about the lawyer, here fell to nearly its former length.

"She refuses to come to Paris!" he exclaimed, in the tone of a man who has just heard his death warrant.

"And what does that prove, foolish boy, except that there is some stupid misunderstanding between you, of which we were already tolerably certain. I suspect Madame de Vilmore to be at the bottom of the mischief, whatever it may be. Happily Mademoiselle Pauline in no respect resembles her mother; and I am delighted to think that, when you are married, your wife will belong to us, by sympathy and affection, far more intimately than to her own family."

Philippe, on hearing his father speak thus, could hardly credit his senses. The passage from despondency to hope was so sudden and so complete that he seemed to have awakened from a painful dream.

"The Baron writes me," resumed his father, "that he will be here on business in the course of a few days; and I think you may fairly hope, my dear boy, that my interview with the father will probably be more successful than your appeal to the mother."

Monsieur de Vilmore having made his appearance in Paris a few days after the conversation just recorded had taken place between the father and son, the former lost no time in seeing him, and demanding the hand of Mademoiselle de Vilmore for his son. Knowing the character of the people with whom he had to deal, the Marquis addressed himself immediately to the practical side of the question, stated what would be the provision he should make for his son during his own life-time, and laid before the eyes of the Baron a bird's view of the state of his pecuniary affairs, which would have more than satisfied that personage of the excellence of the proposed match, even if a sudden light had not been let in upon his somewhat obtuse perceptions by the proposition of the Marquis, as to the possible cause of his daughter's persistent refusal of the suitors for her hand, and the state of ill-health and low spirits into which she had fallen since her return to Vilmore.

"Your demand, Marquis, does me infinite honor," replied the Baron, when M. de Tarrell had ceased speaking, "and I can have no hesitation in assuring you that such an alliance would more than satisfy my own wishes, and those of my wife, for the settlement of our daughter. Hitherto we have had the regret of seeing all idea of marriage rejected by Pauline; who has constantly assured us that she felt an invincible repugnance to the thought of matrimony; and as I have promised her that she shall be left perfectly free to decide for herself on a matter so important to her happiness, I do not mind confessing to you that I had begun to fear that she might really persist in her determination to remain single, and I shall be overjoyed if the demand of the Count, your son, prove more acceptable to her than the offers which we have already seen rejected by her."

"My dear Baron," replied the Marquis, with a smile, "I think we may safely leave the matter to Mademoiselle Pauline's decision. You tell me that we may count on your consent, and on that of the Baroness; and I have reason to believe that your daughter's insensibility to the claims of the suitors you speak of, has proceeded from a preference for the young dog who, (to let you into a little secret which we have all been very stupid not to discover long ago!) has been breaking his heart for her for these six months past, and who would have placed himself at once upon the lists but for the belief that his demand would have been unfavorably received by her parents."

The Marquis then informed the astonished Baron of the letter written by Philippe to the Baroness, and of the reply which it had brought from that lady; whereupon the Baron, growing rather nervous at the idea of some possible opposition on the part of his wife, to the engagement he had so boldly taken with the Marquis, determined to return home immediately, in order to ascertain at once the views of his "better half" on a proposition whose advantages for their daughter were so evident.

The Baroness, on learning the cause of her husband's sudden return, was exceedingly delighted. She had calculated so little on the dampening effect of her epistle, in which she had simply intended to suggest to the young man the necessity of applying to the Baron instead of to her daughter, or to herself, that she, too, had been growing uneasy at seeing that no farther steps had been taken by him to obtain her daughter's hand. The mistake was speedily explained, and the young lady, when applied to upon the subject of the Marquis's demand, returned an answer whose tenor may be easily divined by my readers, and regained her lost roses, while the young Count recovered his good looks, with the celerity incidental to young lovers under similar conditions all the world over.

The important affairs of settlements, the remodelling of the *trousseau*, the *corbeille*, and the future housekeeping arrangements of the young pair, being brought to a prompt and satisfactory conclusion, the marriage took place at Vilmore with much splendor, and after a dinner and ball, to which the *invitable* people of the region had been bidden by the triumphant mistress of the chateau of Vilmore—who loosened the family purse-strings to an astonishing extent on this auspicious occasion—the young couple departing together on a tour through Italy, which no doubt proved more agreeable to the Count as a bridegroom than it would have been as a despondent bachelor.

The union thus fortunately brought about, has hitherto proved a very happy one, as the Baroness herself would admit if you asked her about it; though she would certainly not fail to wind up this admission by adding that "the marriage has turned out well *in spite of* its having been a love match."

QUANTUM.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—The Post, although for many years established beyond question, as the best Family Newspaper in the United States, is rapidly rising in favor. While for a time such papers as the New York Ledger, Mercury, and other "flash" weeklies attracted the greater portion of the attention of the reading public, they are as rapidly going back; and the Post is again recognized as the only really pure, reliable Family Paper now published in our country. The tales are of the most interesting and entertaining character; while it contains a good variety of Foreign news and correspondence, domestic news, etc. We would advise any and all of our readers desiring a good Family Paper to subscribe for the POST.—*St. Clair Democrat.*

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### A SLIGHT DRAWBACK.

Enchanting girl! thy form so fair
In playful dreams around me dances;
Thy smile so bright, so free from care,
Thy dimpled cheek, thy jet-black hair,
My heart entrances.

But oh! those eyes, those lovely eyes,
With joy and innocence still gleaming;
The winged light scarce swifter flies
Than do the glances from those eyes,
With pleasure beaming.

I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
That wooing thee might prove bewilderin';
I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
For this one thing—*a wife I've got,*
*And six small children!*

☞ The illustrated London News, has fallen into a ridiculous error as to the character of Mr. Charles Reade's forthcoming work, entitled The Eighth Commandment. Our country friends must not order it under the belief that it is a new work of fiction. It is, we believe, a comprehensive treatise upon the subject of Plagiarism, and the right in literary and artistic productions.

### The Sensitive Plant; or, Prairie Rose.

*Scottville, Sullivan Co., Missouri.*

MR. EDITOR OF THE POST:—Having seen of late some communications in your paper in regard to the Sensitive Plant, I take the liberty of sending you some of the seed of the same for the purpose of propagating the plant, and enjoying the beauty and perfume of what I consider one of the most delicate, beautiful and fragrant of the plants of the floral kingdom. It is sensitive, as its name denotes, recoiling instantly on the touch, and closing together. And is not this one of the inexplicable mysteries of nature. One of the mysteries, so far as I can learn, that has baffled the investigation of science to explain. It is true some modern botanists have attempted to give a reason for this curious instinct (so to speak), attributing their irritability to the warmth of the hand. But such reasoning is nothing more than sophistry, for if you touch the plant with a stick several feet long, it will contract as quickly as if touched with the hand. If recent observations have discovered the cause of this vegetable phenomena, please give your readers the benefit of the explanation. I think, with your "Western Correspondent," that the plant is unknown to the investigators of botanical science; at least I have never been able to find a description of it in the latest botanical publications. The plant is perennial, and belongs to the 16th class of the Linnean system. This plant is indigenous to this region, and grows luxuriantly in this vicinity, frequently to the height, or rather length, of four feet.—(The plant is of a creeping habit). You need not have any fears of its becoming a pest, for it is very difficult to propagate from seed, and scarcely survives transplanting.

Truly yours, ROBT. L. SCHROCK.

[NOTE BY EDITOR.—We are obliged to the writer of the above for the seeds sent with his letter—and also to Mr. Hitchcock, of Macon City, who likewise sends us a package of seeds. We shall have some seeds to spare for any of our city readers who may want them for their gardens.]

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### A PLEASANT ENDING.

[We find the following poem going the rounds of the press—it has a pleasant ending, as pleasant as that of the story of "Little Red Riding Hood:"]

THE TRYST.

Twilight flows like a dusky sea;
The hamlet gray in the distance drowns;
The white sheep lie on the tawny lea,
And Alf the shepherd looks over the downs.

"Lazy Effie, the tryst is passed!
Lazy Effie the curfews toll!
Ah! lazy Effie, I see you at last
Creeping round by the shadowy knoll!

"Oh! how softly you steal on me!
Oh! how lightly you little feet tread!
The night is dusk, but I almost see
Your laughing eyes and your stooping head.

"I hear you crumble the short, crisp grass,
But I will not stir, though I feel you near,
Till over my eyes your hands you pass,
And utter some terrible word of fear.

"Then I'll suddenly leap to your feet,
And kiss you over your lips and eyes,
Kiss you till you are breathless, sweet,
With mingling of laughter and surprise."

Stealthily creeps the shadow along
Lean and brown and all alone—
Alf sits humming a careless song,
Motionless as a boulder stone.

What dainty hand on his throat is laid?
'Tis a hairy, rough, and venomous paw!
And ere he can utter one shriek for aid
His hot blood reddens the old wolf's maw!

The moon looks over the rim of the lea
And Effie's at last at the trysting place—
Oh, heart of love! what a sight to see!
The old wolf licking her lover's face!

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☞ A DOCKETFUL COMPLIMENT.—An action was brought in the Bristol County Court a few weeks ago, to recover the value of two casks of herrings, supplied in 1854, and on the judge asking the reason of the unusual delay, the plaintiff said he had lost sight of the defendant for some time, and when he did find him he could get no settlement. He repeatedly asked defendant for payment, and the latter at length told him to "go to the devil," upon which, he said, "I thought it was high time to come to your honor," a remark which was received with roars of laughter, in which the learned judge joined.

☞ Gipsy females manufacture a kind of poison called *draco*, which has a specific and fatal action upon the brains of porcine quadrupeds, but does not injure their flesh. Probably an incantation of this kind gave origin to the following ditty, often heard in the tents of the tsigans:

"There runs a swine down yonder hill,
As fast as e'er he can,
And as he runs, he crieth still,
Come, steal me, gipsy man."

☞ A very curious story is told in relation to some recent litigation between the Bishop of Moulins and the heirs of the Marquis de Villette. The deceased was the son of the member of the Convention of the same name, who was fond of giving himself out to be the son of Voltaire. The wife of the Marquis de Villette was adopted by Voltaire's niece, Madame Denis, and Voltaire himself bequeathed to him his heart. The heart of Voltaire, enclosed in a silver urn, has been preserved in the family as an heirloom, and if the will now disputed be upheld, it will become the property of one of the most pious bishops in France.

☞ APPLYING THE SERMON—WITH A QUALIFICATION.—An imbecile, belonging to Peebles, had been sitting at church for some time, listening attentively to a strong representation from the pulpit of the guilt of deceit and falsehood in Christian characters. He was observed to turn red, and grow very uneasy, until at last, as if wincing under the supposed attack upon himself personally, he roared out, "Indeed, minister, there's mair leears in Peebles than me."—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Mark's Lane Express says the weather of the past week, though below the usual temperature, with some rain, has further improved the condition of the crops, and has been more calculated to produce a good harvest than a hot sun.

The convention agreed upon at Messina stipulates that 4 000 Neapolitans shall guard the citadel, and not bombard the city unless the citadel is attacked by Garibaldi. The outer forts are occupied by Col. Medici. Garibaldi, on entering Messina, was received with enthusiasm.

Advices from Turin state that 5000 additional volunteers had left for Sicily, and that two Neapolitan regiments had mutinied with shouts of "Viva Garibaldi."

Fifteen hundred of the Garibaldian volunteers had already landed in Calabria, and Garibaldi himself would soon advance on Naples, whither it is reported he had been summoned by his friends.

TURIN, August 7.—One thousand volunteers left to day for Sicily. Five thousand preceded them on the 4 h, and started for their destination in steamers.

Garibaldi's arrival at Naples is awaited with much impatience by his adherents in that city and at Rome.

The Council of Commerce had already held four sittings at Paris, devoted to an inquiry into the cotton trade. M. Rouie, Minister of Commerce, presided, and great numbers of English, French and Belgian manufacturers attended.

The English ministry had carried the paper duty resolution through the House of Commons. The majority in favor of the resolution was 33.

Mr. Bright deprecated interference in the affairs of Syria.

Lord Palmerston replied and asserted that Turkey had made great progress of late, and if left free from interference, except good advice, be believed her dissolution was not so near as predicted.

On the evening of the 1st inst. a public meeting was held in Spitalfields Chapel, London, in celebration of the anniversary of negro emancipation in the West Indies. A resolution was carried welcoming Dr. Cheever, of New York, to England, and expressing the highest admiration for and sympathy with his anti slavery labors in the United States. Dr. Cheever returned thanks, and in a long speech dwelt upon the support which is given slavery by the churches in America.

The report that the Syrian Conference had been broken up, was unfounded. It is officially announced that a protocol has been agreed upon for twelve thousand European troops to be sent to Syria, and remain there not over six months. One half of the number is to be furnished by France.

Another protocol calls on the Porte to carry out its engagements respecting the Christians.

The Syrian force is to be under the orders of Commissioners of the Great Powers.

The English Parliament has agreed to vote two millions sterling for the fortifications.

NAPLES, Aug. 3.—All the efforts to conclude the armistice with Garabaldi having failed, preparations are making to repulse the invasion.

PALERMO, Aug. 4.—Large numbers of volunteers are arriving, and have been enthusiastically received. Garabaldi is hourly expected.

The King of Naples has sent 4 000 soldiers to Reggio, opposite Messina, who it is confidently rumored, intend to join Garabaldi immediately on his landing.

LATER.

The Glasgow brings dates to the 8-h inst.

The despatches received, state that Naples was quiet at the latest advices by telegraph.

Nothing later has been received with regard to the movements of Garabaldi.

The British House of Commons has passed the bill amalgamating the European and Native armies in India.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 7.—Cotton is firm. Breadstuffs closed with an advancing tendency, but the market was quiet. Provisions very dull.

ADVENTURES OF A NEEDLE.—The Clinton (C. W.) Courier states that about thirteen years ago, Mr. Joseph Whitehead, of that village, railway conductor, then living in Scotland, had the misfortune to run a needle into his heel, which broke, leaving the point half so firmly fixed therein as to baffle the efforts of a physician to withdraw it. He continued lame for some time, but eventually all pain left him, and he felt no inconvenience from the intruder until Wednesday, the 1st inst., when he experienced a sharp pain in his side, under the armpit, which so annoyed him that he had the spot examined by Mrs. W., who, after a little effort, succeeded in dislodging with her unaided fingers the identical piece of needle which had so baffled the doctor, armed and aided, as he was, with his probes and lances thirteen years before.

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### HARDSHIPS OF BACHELORS.

A bachelor friend of ours is about getting married, for no other reason than to have some one to take care of him when he is sick. The treatment he received at a fashionable boarding-house, when he last had the ague, has cured him not only of single life, but single bedsteads and single mattresses. He ordered, he says, the servants to bring him up some gruel on Monday morning, but which he never got till the next Wednesday afternoon. During his whole confinement not a single soul visited him save the young gentleman who dusted the knives; and he came not for the purpose of consolation, but to inform him that "Missus would be much obliged if Mr. Skeesicks would do his shaking on a chair, so as not to get the bedstead apart." This was the feather that broke Skeesicks's bachelorship. From that moment he resolved to connect his fortunes with a piece of dimity. Who can blame him? No one who has ever passed through a confirmed bronchitis at a fashionable boarding-house.

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WE OUGHT TO BE CAREFUL.—In Forbes Winslow's new book, among some very singular accounts of the beneficial results of accidents to persons of feeble intellect, is a statement that a supposed idiot, having received a violent blow on the head, became a practising barrister. Mr. Punch, ever since reading this anecdote, has been puzzling over the law list to try to find out who the party is. He has his suspicions on the subject, but it is premature to disclose them. Meantime he has resolved to be very careful for the future how he indulges his own favorite practice of giving idiots a rap on the head, lest he should be unwarily creating more barristers than at present afflict creation.—*Punch.*

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THE MICROSCOPIC WORLD.—Linnæus states that the aphide, the small green insect found on the leaves and stems of plants, propagates so rapidly, that in the course of a few months, if all interference were excluded, no fewer than 1,000,000,000,000,000,000 would be evolved from a single individual—an amount which only becomes conceivable when we learn that this mass of life would weigh somewhere about as much as *five hundred millions* of stout men.

## TWO.

High on the hills Lord Heron he dwells;
Rosalind sings on the moor below;
Watching the bees in the heather bells
Merrily swinging to and fro.

Young Lord Heron has left his state,
Donned a doublet of hodden gray,
Stolen out of the postern gate,
A silly shepherd to wander away.

Rosalind keeps the heart of a child;
Gentle, and tender, and pure is she:
Colin the shepherd is comely and mild,
Tending his flock by valley or lea.

Never a swain has whispered before
What she hears at the close of day,
"Rose of roses I love thee more—
More than the sweetest words can say!

"Though I seem but a shepherd lad,
Down from the stately race I came;
In silks and jewels I'll have thee clad,
And Lady Heron shall be thy name."

Rosalind blushed a rosy red,
Turned as white as the hawthorn's blow,
Folded her kirtle over her head,
And sped away like startled doe.

"Rose of roses come back to me!
Leave me never!" Lord Heron cried;
"Never!" echoed from hill and lea:
"Never!" the lonely cliffs replied.

Loud he mourned a year and a day,
But Lady Alice was fair to see;
The bright sun blessed their bridal day
And the castle bells rang merrily.

Over the moors like a rolling knell
Rosalind hears them slowly peal;
Low she mourns—"I love him well,
Better I loved his mortal weal.

"Rest, Lord Heron, on Alice's arm!
She is a lady of high degree,
Rosalind had but her peasant charms;
Ye had rued the day ye wedded me."

Lord Heron he dwells in the castle high,
Rosalind sleeps on the moor below;
He loved to live and she loved to die;
Which loved the truest the angels know.

## THE MEANEST ACTION OF ALL HISTORY.

Few readers of Russian history will fail to remember the name of Count Alexey Orloff, one of the most prominent actors in the murder of Peter III. of Russia. But treacherous as was that deed, it loses half its blackness when compared with another committed by him at the instigation of Catharine II., widow and successor to the murdered monarch.

Catharine, not being a native Russian princess, was most desirous of removing from her path all who might be supposed likely to disturb the security of her government; and in order to effect her purpose, in one instance, she and her associate Orloff exercised a degree of fiendish ingenuity almost unparalleled in history. The unfortunate girl who excited the jealousy of Catharine was a Russian princess, and grand-daughter to Peter the Great. Elizabeth II., his daughter, contracted a private marriage with Count Alexey Razumoffsky, and three children, two sons and a daughter, were the issue of this union. Of the sons, it is only necessary to say that one was accidentally killed, and the other not judged of sufficient political importance to excite either jealousy or suspicion. But it was otherwise with the young Princess Tarranakoff, the subject of our story.

The ambitious designs of the Empress Catharine with regard to Poland excited the indignation of the Polish nobles, and one of these, the Count Radzivill, conceived the design of using this young native princess as an instrument in supplanting her. For this purpose, by dint of bribing her female attendants, he secretly removed her to Poland, and thence to Italy. Many attempts were made to induce Radzivill to place the young princess in the power of Catharine; but though reduced to poverty by the confiscation of his estates, the promise of their restoration, and the offer of the most costly bribes, failed in inducing him to yield. No effect being produced by such proposals, the empress had recourse to threats. Mysterious communications were conveyed to the Polish count, intimating that ruin and misery impended over the Princess Tarranakoff, which could be averted only by his ceasing all correspondence with her. Whatever ambitious designs might have actuated Radzivill, he was most anxious for the safety of the unfortunate girl. What could he do? Shorn of his estates and dignities, and in a foreign land, how was he to protect her from a powerful empress and most unscrupulous woman? Unhappily, he yielded to these covert menaces, and took a final leave of the princess, having first exacted a pledge from the Russian government that she should remain unmolested.

This separation effected, the most difficult part of Catharine's work was completed, and by the aid of the Count Alexey Orloff, and one of his infamous associates, the rest became easy. Though the murderer of her husband, Count Alexey retained the favor of his imperial mistress; doubtless, she found him a most useful tool in accomplishing other dark deeds, though a fouler crime than the one committed on this hapless princess could hardly disgrace human nature. When first resident at Rome, the grand-daughter of Peter the Great was amply supplied with everything befitting her rank; but at the time Orloff came thither, she was almost in want, and occupying a poor lodging in her humble quarter of the city. Judge of her surprise when an elegantly attired officer called upon her to offer his services. Though he was to all appearance wealthy, and *her* situation one of actual indigence, he paid her the same respect as though she had been seated on the imperial throne. When invited to sit in her presence, he respectfully declined. "Misfortune," said he, "cannot alter your claims to our respect. Can I, when you are before me, forget that the grand-daughter of the illustrious Czar Peter the Great is entitled to all the homage I can offer? Is it for me, because you are in a foreign land, to forget that to you, and not to the tyrannical foreigner who occupies it, belongs the imperial throne of Russia? I have not the honor to be your countryman, but believe me, princess, I am not the less devoted to your service, in which I would freely lay down my life."

The unfortunate princess listened with delight and thankfulness to this address. It was long since such respectful language had greeted her ears, and the departure of Radzivill had almost reduced her to despair. She answered this flattering speech in terms which proved how much pleasure it had given her, and desired to know to whom she was indebted for this solicitude respecting her welfare. To this her visitor replied: "That his name was of little moment, since he was only the ambassador sent by some of her most influential countrymen, whose hearts bled to think that she, the descendant of one so doubly illustrious as the Czar Peter the Great had proved himself to be, should be exposed to neglect and indigence in a foreign land." The princess being naturally curious to know the names of those whose interest was so deeply excited in her behalf, again pressed her visitor for information on this point, but he still refused to gratify her curiosity. He, however, begged permission to present one who would explain all; and having obtained it, withdrew as from the presence of a sovereign prince, having first knelt to kiss her hand.

The visitor who thus imposed on the credulity of the Princess Tarranakoff was indeed employed by one of her countrymen, he being the spy and associate of Count Alexey Orloff. The uniform in which he appeared was of course assumed for the occasion, as he was in reality a man of most infamous character, a Neapolitan by birth, and chosen as his tool by the count, because he had already committed crimes sufficient to prove that he would enter unscrupulously into the designs of that nobleman. Ribas, for that was his name, did not at once introduce Orloff to the presence of his intended victim; he repeated his visit, and finding that she was in actual need, induced her to make use of his purse, and by the respect he paid her, completely won her confidence.

Now was Orloff's time. When informed that the schemes of his emissary had proved successful, and the princess was duly prepared to listen to and believe whatever he might advance, the principal tragedian, as we may call him, appeared on the stage.

Better skilled in the ways of a court than was his emissary, the deference of the latter sank into insignificance when compared with that of his more polished employer; and so well did the latter play his part, that the princess became devotedly attached to the man whom she believed to be a model of all that was noble, good, and disinterested. In a short time, Orloff had cause for exultation in the success of his plan, for the princess readily consented to be his wife. A sham-marriage completed the deception, and was followed on the part of the princess by a brief period of unclouded happiness. Never for a moment did she suspect the imposition that had been practised upon her, but built with the most perfect faith on the affection and sincerity of him she believed to be her husband.

One day he entered her presence with an air of the greatest concern, and on her inquiring the reason of his sadness, Orloff replied: "Ah, dearest, I may well look sorrowful, since I must leave you—you whom all here call the good and the beautiful. But who can tell how good and how beautiful you are in my eyes? You, the grand-daughter of one who made himself as illustrious by his deeds as by his high station, yet deigned to bestow on me the treasure of your love."

"Why speak of this, Alexey?" said the princess. "My birth mattered little when you sought and found me poor—nay, in want. It was not on an illustrious princess you fixed your affections, but on a neglected and unfortunate woman. Why should we part? Can I not accompany you? Am I not your wife, and as such, is it not my pleasure to sacrifice my convenience to yours?"

It was, of course, no part of Orloff's intention to leave his wife behind, though he was desirous that she should propose to accompany him. Hitherto, she had been carefully watched, though unknown to herself, she having attributed the continual presence of the count to the devoted affection he professed for her. She was now informed that he had received a summons to join the squadron he commanded at Leghorn, and thither she also went, and was received with many demonstrations of respect. Orloff's scheme was fast approaching its completion, and the Empress Catharine, exulting in its success, prepared to shower honors on those who had labored so zealously in her behalf.

It was a lovely day, with the blue sky only as an Italian sky can be, when the Princess Tarranakoff, escorted by her husband, stepped into a magnificent barge. Gay, and in the highest spirits, the princess laughed and chatted with her attendants, little dreaming of the horrible fate impending over her. It had been arranged that she should be permitted the indulgence of a marine excursion, and she was assisted up the side of the vessel by her obsequious husband. The lookers-on saw the sails spread without suspicion, and waved their farewells, deeming that they should soon witness the return of the party. The hapless princess, was doomed never to revisit the shores of Italy. On board the ship were none save the creatures of Orloff; and now, having his wife completely in his power, he revealed his treachery in all its blackness and fiendish ingenuity. The delicate wrists of the princess were manacled, and the grand-daughter of the czar was taken back to her native land, not, as she had been led to expect, with the honors due to her rank, and the prospect of a throne, but as a wretched prisoner.

It would be utterly impossible to depict the agony of mind she must have endured during this gloomy voyage, but probably no human being ever suffered greater. For during several years after her arrival, she was the inmate of a dungeon in the Russian capital. Catharine triumphed in the success of her plan, and amply rewarded those who had too successfully carried it out. Europe might exclaim against her, but her object was gained, and the Princess Tarranakoff was in her power. In her dark prison-house, the unhappy young woman spent, it is said, six years, and her deliverance came in a dreadful fashion. The autumnal equinox was at hand, and a furious gale raged in St. Petersburg. The angry waves of the Neva lashed the sides of the prison in which she was confined. Absorbed in sorrowful recollections, she scarcely heeded the storm, until she noticed that the floor of her dungeon was wet; then the horrible thought crossed her mind, that the river was rising. Perceiving that the water gained in height, she shrieked aloud; she strove, by every means in her power, to attract the attention of her jailer. But no human aid was at hand. She raised herself as high as possible by means of the articles of furniture in her cell, but still the waters pursued her. The whole of the ground-floor of the prison was laid under water. When the gale had passed over, and the impetuous Neva returned to its ordinary course, the jailer found only the corpse of what had been the victim of Count Alexey Orloff's treachery, and the jealous hatred of Catharina Alexiewna.

## SEED-WORDS.

'Twas nothing—a mere idle word,
From careless lips that fell,
Forgot, perhaps, as soon as said,
And purposeless as well.

But yet, as on the passing wind
Is borne the little seed,
Which blooms unheeded, as a flower,
Or as a noisome weed—

So often will a single word,
Unknown, its end fulfil,
And bear, in seed, the flower and fruit
Of actions good or ill. F. D.

## AN ENGLISH RIFLE-MATCH.

Passing through the entrance, where we paid one shilling, we found ourselves on the common—a wide heath, with patches of furze, and a fringe of tents. The eye took in the arrangements at a glance. Within the fringe of tents, which contained mainly refreshments, were a row of others in pairs, about a hundred yards apart opposite and corresponding to pairs of butts 500 yards off. These were mounds of earth, some 15 feet high, and 30 feet wide. Beyond them was a still more distant line, nearly a mile off. In front of each stood the targets—plates of iron about half an inch thick, and six feet square, white-washed, with a black centre two feet in diameter. The furthest were so distant that the centre was just visible as a little black dot not much bigger than that of an "i."

The tents from which the firing was going on were surrounded by crowds of people, who were kept from interfering with the shooters by a rope passed round a ring of stakes driven into the ground. The firing-tents to the right were occupied by the candidates for the Queen's Prize of £250; those on the left were hard at work at "Aunt Sally." We visited these first. "Aunt Sally" is adapted from the popular venture of that name at fairs and races. You pay a shilling for your shot, and the receipts are divided at the close of the day among those who hit the centre. I walked up to the tent opposite the third pair of butts; a crowd of gallant volunteers were waiting for their turn to shoot. The tent from which they fired in rotation was about eight feet wide, open before and behind. At the entrance, a man sat with pen, ink, and paper, ready to receive the moneys, and put down the names of those who hit the centre. Some twenty men were standing in single file, treading close on each other's heels, and shuffling forward as the turn of the leading man came to fire; after which he moved off to the right, round the tent, reloaded, and took his place again in the line—like the processions in the smaller theatres. You might fire in any position. This liberty was freely used. Some stood; some knelt in the approved Hythe posture; others sat down, and gathered up their knees as if they were going to take their place in a circle of "Hunt the Slipper;" others lay flat down upon their stomachs. The mistakes made were occasionally odd enough. "Hollo! sir, you have forgotten to cock your rifle." "You have not put up your sight." "That is the wrong butt you are aiming at." One fat fellow sat down with a jolt, and fired right up into the air!

Close beside each target was a bullet-proof iron shed, shaped like the body of a Hansom cab off its wheels; in this the marker sat, and signaled the result of each shot. A dark-blue flag showed that the centre was hit; a white one, that the white part of the target had been struck; a red, waved close to the ground, that the ball had fallen short.

Armed with a race-glass, lent to me by one of the bystanders, I sat down on the grass at the entrance of the tent, and watched the shooting. The target, I have said, was five hundred yards off, and the centre two feet in diameter. No one was allowed to fire from a rest. This, then, was no child's play, though many of those present joined in it with great merriment. The party who were firing belonged to a genuine London corps; many of them, till within the last few months, never had a rifle in their hands. The shooting, however, was remarkably good. One smart young fellow was telling me how he knew nothing whatever about shooting until lately. When his turn came, he laid himself flat down on the ground, and quietly drove his bullet right into the centre—that is, he would have hit a man more than a quarter of a mile off. I stood by the tent for some time; again and again the distant flag was waved, showing that the target had been struck; and this was the skill of men who hitherto had spent their lives behind the counter or at the desk. Think of that, ye sneering martinets and swaggering French colonels! Here were thorough-bred Cockneys, poking fun at one another, but all the while making practice that would rival or even beat the famous Chasseurs de Vincennes, without seeming to think they were doing anything out of the way. A soldier alone, who stood by me, expressed any surprise.

Presently, the order came to cease firing; and the markers, waving large red flags, to indicate danger, came out of their holes, and went to dinner. Most of the spectators turned into a huge refreshment marquee, furnished by Strange, the caterer at the Crystal Palace. All tastes were suited; you could dine at any figure at well-ordered tables, or be happy on the grass with a slice of bread and cheese and a pot of porter.

During the armistice, I walked up to the butts. For many yards in front of them the ground was covered with flakes of lead, the bullets that struck the iron having been, not flattened—that is too gentle a word—but actually splashed about. The targets were spotted all over with hits. These untrained, inexperienced Londoners would have utterly cut up a body of horse or foot half a mile off!

When the firing began again, I went to see the conclusion of the contest for the Queen's Prize—the highest honor of the week. The competitors had already been shooting at the 800 and 900 yard ranges: and when I walked up, a party of the Scots Fusilier Guards, in undress, were fixing up the tent to fire from at the final distance of 1,000 yards. The target was also in this case white, with a centre two feet in diameter. It looked hopelessly distant.

Imagine yourself standing at the Oxford Street Circus, and expected to hit a tea-tray in Tottenham Court Road.

There was quite a purple haze, that made the butt look like a distant hill, the target showing like a white cottage at its foot with one small window.

Thousands of spectators had now assembled to watch the progress, or rather final struggle, of the match. The signal flags were so distant, that many would not trust their naked eyes, but used a telescope.

In a very short time, the strife became exceedingly interesting. Mr. Ross and another gentleman were ahead of the rest, and equal. It was Mr. Ross's turn. He knelt down, aimed deliberately, and pulled the trigger. Alas! his rifle was only at half-cock. This threw him out for a minute. Several voices, sympathetically enough, said: "Ah, now he will miss." A shade of nervousness crossed his mind. His close competitor, strung up to the tightest strain of excitement, lay down flat upon the grass, and hid his face. Ross, having now cocked his rifle, missed, as was predicted.

The other gentleman picked himself up from the ground, and came forward. See! he kneels down, steadies himself upon his heel, and puts his rifle to his shoulder. No—not yet—something dazzled him. He takes it down for a moment, and passes his hand over his eyes. Another aim—crack! Yes—up goes the white flag; the target is hit—he is one ahead.

Now, Mr. Ross, this is the crisis of your fame; miss, and you lose the prize; hit the centre, and you win—that will count two, and leave you victor by one point. It is a trying moment. The little dot on the white target seems to move further off; you can barely see it; but to hit it, with that small candle-end of lead you have just pushed into your rifle, shade of Robin Hood, behold! Now for nerves of steel, and a pulseless heart.

All hold their breath. The marker's hand stops midway with fresh-dipped pen; the very policemen on duty shade their eyes with their palms to catch sight of the possible signal. The gallant young volunteer kneels coolly down in the door of the tent, and raises his rifle. Crack! a puff of smoke; no other sound breaks the silence. No!—yes, yes, it *is* the dark flag; he *has* struck the centre, that little hopeless dot, no bigger than a parasol, nearly a mile off; and the suppressed breath of the multitude bursts forth into a well-earned cheer.

After this, he shot off one or two ties, and established his victory.

And now fresh bodies of volunteers came pouring into the common, dusty, and, to judge of the rate at which they rushed into the refreshment-booth, when they had piled arms, thirsty as sand.

## THE AQUARIUM.

An aquarium, as most of our readers understand, is properly an artificial pond, in which aquatic plants are cultivated. It is also used as the habitation of fish, and other water animals. "Aquatic plants require the water in which they grow to be supplied constantly with a certain amount of carbonic acid to be absorbed by the leaves. Fish, on the other hand, require a constant supply of oxygen in the water they inhabit, and a constant removal of carbonic acid. Fish breathe the oxygen dissolved in water through their *gills*, which serve them for the same purpose as lungs in land animals. When they are confined to a small portion of water, they soon die, unless the water is removed, from time to time, or its gases in some way fitted for their respiration.

"If the object is to rear fresh water fish, the aquarium must be supplied with fresh water; and, to avoid the necessity of changing it frequently, fresh water plants must be cultivated in it, so as to absorb, by their growth, the carbonic acid and other impurities, and, at the same time, renew the exhausted supply of oxygen. If salt water fish are to inhabit the aquarium, sea-water, or water of similar quality, with plants naturally adapted to it, must be provided."

From the foregoing, which we copy from Prof. Campbell's work on Agriculture, (published by Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston,) it will be seen that plants are absolutely essential to the life of the fish in the aquarium, a fact which serves to show the remarkable compensating influence which the combined breathings of plants and animals exert in maintaining the proper proportions of oxygen and carbonic acid in the water.

## WIVES.

BY A WIDOW OF THREE HUSBANDS.

The poets, from Solomon to Saxe—as far as I am acquainted with them—have sung the praises of good wives. They have been appraised in song at a price above rubies, crowns of gold and other first-class valuables, and compared to an infinite variety of objects in heaven and earth, to which they bear no more resemblance than a lively sewing machine bears to a dead snail.

The truth is, that good wives don't belong to poetry. They are plain, quiet, household facts. Their sphere lies within the narrow circle of the homestead, not among the stars, and *The Duties*, not *The Muses*, are the sources of their inspiration. For inspired they are, and with something better than day-dreams; while their realm, as *they* govern it, is rightly considered, far more glorious than the misty region in which poets delight to quiver their erratic wings.

A good wife is a woman of business. She proceeds upon a system having for its end and purpose the protection of her husband's interests, his comfort, his happiness, and the securement to herself of his hearty, undivided love. If all married women acted upon such a plan, there would be fewer matrimonial jealousies, desertions and divorces. Believe me, the best counterpoise to all outside temptations is a pleasant home, and such a home—luminated by the presence of a loving wife—will sometimes draw a wayward husband from the haunts of dissipation, and make a man of him, when even his best friends have said, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."

I need not describe a good wife, nor the attractive aspect which the little domestic empire, Home, assumes under her management. We all know what an invitation to come in and be comfortable the family parlor seems to present, on opening the door. Order, cleanliness, and tidiness are the laws of her household, and somehow or other she contrives to have them obeyed without scolding. Her voice is never heard in the virago key. She does all things mildly. A kindly whisper is enough for her children, who are never ragged, dirty or rebellious. Even the burly watch-dog looks as if he guarded the house for pure love, and not for the cold victuals. But alas, these domestic paradises are like watering-places in the desert, thinly scattered. If men were better, there would be more such homes, and if there were more, men would be better. There are creatures in broadcloth who cannot appreciate anything that is domestic, and there are beings in crinoline who do not seem to understand the meaning of the word. Of these two classes comes much matrimonial misery. Why either should marry I cannot conceive. Probably the old serpent, whose first exploit on earth was to set its first couple by the ears, puts it into their heads. I might say a good deal about bad and shiftless husbands. Heaven knows I have seen enough of them in all their miserable varieties! But to draw their pictures does not come within the scope of my present purpose. It is of wives and *to* wives, only, that I wish to speak. And now, having dwelt at some length on the merits of the good ones, I will give a few specimens from the black sheep of the flock. If among my brief sketches, any married lady should fancy she detects her own likeness, all that she has to do is to turn over a new leaf, and the resemblance will cease.

The *slip-shod wife* is a terrible eye-sore—and heart-sore, too—to the man of methodical habits. One might suppose, if such things were supposable in a matter-of-fact age, that the malignant fairy, Disorder, had presided at her birth, and endowed her child with her own habits, as a sponsorial present. The motto of the slip-shod wife is, "a place for nothing, and nothing in its place." Her home is "chaos come again." Everything in the house seems to have been either deposited there by a gale, or washed in by a freshet, or dropped in a thunder-shower. Not that there are any tokens of a rush of water, save such as might be indicated by the confusion. On the contrary, all the rooms seem to be suffering from a dearth of that fluid—and of *soap*. The children's faces plainly show that they are not amphibious—being entirely of the earth, *earthy*. The cats, falling in with the family habits, seem to have neglected to wash and towel themselves with their paws, as the felines of cleaner households are accustomed to do, and the frowsy dog throws out a cloud of dust whenever he shakes himself. But the mistress of the dwelling, who shall describe *her*? Open at the back, pinned together in front, down at the heel, and the heel uncleanly, in her all the dirt and disorganization of the domicile appear to be personified. A head of frowsy hair, spiked all over with soiled curl-papers, forms the ornamental capital of this pillar of the domestic temple. Surely, surely the most inveterate man-hater that ever lectured on woman's wrongs, might afford to pity the husband of a slip-shod wife.

The *street yarn-spinner* is another variety of the neglectful wife, who is a sad thorn in the side of her *cara sposa*. She is only at home in rainy weather, and her house has just such a cold, gloomy, deserted air about it, as one might fancy appertains to a Khan in the Eastern wilderness that never has a chance to make a cheerful echo or catch a living shadow, except when a caravan passes that way. I have an idea that a home left to take care of itself, unwarmed by a smile from its mistress, from daylight to dusk, grows dimmer and more dismal in its aspect day by day. Never did I enter the domicile of a *street-yarn-spinner* to find her, as usual, not at home, without getting the blues. There is something in the very atmosphere of a house, left wholly to the care of servants, that chills the marrow of my bones. And, then, what mischief the *street-yarn-spinner* does. How she tittle-tattles away reputations; how she taints good names with her scandal-freighted breath; what cruel false surmises and scandalous rumors, that truth seldom overtakes, she sets a gallop in the community. What trouble she brings upon her unhappy husband, who is saddled with all the evil consequences of her heartless gossip. If this article should ever meet the eyes of any of the *street-yarn-spinning* species, may it reach their hearts. Amen and amen!

The *termagant*, perhaps, is worst of all. With her there can be no peace, or hope of peace. Her "voice is still for war." And what a voice it is. It is as the shriek of a dozen greaseless axles. There is no *let down* to it. Pitched in alt, it stays there. It goes through you like a *knife*, and not only sets *your* teeth on edge, but makes your hair stand on end. It transpierces the servants through the ears, and reduces them to a state of semi-idiocy. It turns the milk of human kindness sour in the gentlest breast, as surely as a thunder storm turns real milk to bonny-clabber. But the subject is *too* repulsive. *I* don't like to dwell upon it. Heaven keep all good men and true from intermarrying with one of those moral rasps, called termagants, vixens or viragoes. A plague go with them—as indeed it does—go where they will.

There are other varieties of the black sheep of the wife-fold, but I have not space to dwell upon them here. There are the fast wife, the slow wife, the pert wife, the dismal wife, and several others, whose genius for making husbands wretched and themselves objects of dislike, is truly wonderful. But when all the chaff is winnowed away, there is enough of the pure sound wheat of womanhood to make all good men happy. And besides, thousands of incompetent and inconsiderate wives are blessed with warm hearts; and where there is good material to work upon there is always hopes of reform. It is only wives without hearts that are incorrigible, and they are as truly exceptions, I hope, in the kingdom of matrimony, as zoophytes are in the kingdom of vegetation.

A word and I have done. Let no wife deem me obtrusive or impertinent when I advise all wives, for their own sakes, to make *home* so delightful that no spot on earth beyond its walls shall seem comparable to it, even in the eyes of a not easily impressible husband. Shall I tell them *how* to do this. Not I. *Every woman knows.*—*N. Y. Atlas.*

LICHENS.—As the earth's first mercy, so they are the last gift to it. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave. Yet, as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth-children. Unfading, as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossoms like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its sowslip gold—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen spots rest, star-like, on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.—*Ruskin's "Modern Painters."*

☞ A crowd of two thousand in Limerick, Ireland, burned Garibaldi in effigy recently, after having hung him on Gallows Green.

## COME HOME TO DIE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY KATE P. KEREVEN.

Back to your arms, oh, mother, the wearied heart has come,
You best know all its suffering—how it long'd to be at home!
How it pray'd with pray'r unceasing, once again upon your breast
To fold its weary pinions, and forget its wild unrest;
How it cess'd its bitter aching, as we near'd the welcome shore,
Then joy beyond my strength was born, and then I knew no more!
Do not chide me for my weakness—only kiss the tears away—
Since I wept upon your bosom has been many a weary day.

How could I ever leave you? A mother's only son,
And she a widow! God forgive the deed that I have done!
You remember, mother darling, how, as evening shadows fall,
Many a legend of the Norsemen, with a kindling eye you'd tell—
How they cross'd, those sons of Odin, as a tempest o'er the seas,
And the nations swept before them, as the down before the breeze—
And the raven wav'd defiance, as it flapp'd its prophet-wings
O'er the sod on Saxon bosoms, and the throne of Saxon kings!

And then you told—how proudly! with lip and cheek aglow,
That the blood of those old Norse kings in my veins still kept its flow;
And there came a restless yearning, and it strengthen'd day by day,
Till my land-life grew a burden, and I long'd to be away!
You little thought to wake one morn, and hear my voice no more,
Or my eager footstep hast'ning to meet you at the door!
Hold me closer, mother, closer—kiss the throbbing from my brow—
Or I'll think I'm only dreaming that your arms are round me now!

The night before I went away, the weary eve before
I left the mother-shelter, to return, a child, no more,
As twilight clos'd around us, I crept beside your chair—
You laid your hand so fondly amid my clust'ring hair,
And said I had my father's eyes—and kiss'd them for his sake,
And call'd me all your treasure, till I thought my heart would break!
You gave me many a tender word before I left your side,
And pray'd that God would keep me whatever might betide,
You little dream'd, dear mother, with the breaking of the dawn,
To find your heart made desolate, its only sunshine gone!

I lay awake till midnight, and I listen'd to the sea,
With its great heart beating madly to a mystic melody—
When not a soul was stirring, I crept adown the stair,
And creach'd your open chamber-door—my footsteps linger'd there!
I stole up to your pillow, and by the moonlight's gleam,
I kiss'd you in your sleeping, and you fancied it a dream!
One tress of hair I sever'd, as my tears fell hot and fast—
One other kiss I left you, and that cruel parting pass'd!

Oh! many a heavy day has gone, and many a night of tears,
Since that hour of sorest parting, and those heart-engraven years!
In the solemn midnight watches, with the holy sky above,
You can know, my gentle mother, how I thirsted for your love!
Till my heart grew sick with pining, and my cheek as pale as now,
And Death came close beside me, with his shadow on my brow;
Though my lips refused their language, still my heart had strength to pray,
That God would spare the wand'rer for the mother far away!

They told me that your footsteps had feeble grown and slow,
And your soft eyes dim with weeping—dear mother, was it so?
There's many a line of silver in the brownness of your hair,
Was it grieving for your truant, that wrought so sadly there?
And the lips that mutely kiss me, are white with pain untold,
But the heart has all the beauty—all the tenderness of old!
I scarce can see you, mother, through the blinding tears that fall—
Say only you forgive me—it will recompense for all.

As I lie upon your bosom, the shadows to and fro
With noiseless footfalls wander, and I dream of long ago;
The golden days come back again, and in their tender gleam,
Our parting seems but fancy, and the years between a dream!
With your loving eyes above me, and your kiss to quiet fears,
My heart forgets its sadness, and my eyes forget their tears.
Other dreams may lose their beauty, other blossoms fade and fall,
But the mother-love, the mother-love, it keepeth green through all!

When you close my eyes forever—it will not be long, I know,
Ere my feebly-throbbing pulses have ceas'd their ebb and flow—
You will not weep, dear mother, that, secure from all alarms,
You lay me from your bosom in a loving Saviour's arms;
Where the darkness never enters, but only perfect day,
Whence the heart can never wander, nor the tired feet ever stray.
Your vigils will be ended, and their pain forgotten be—
And your hours of lonely weeping for a wayward boy at sea!

I never knew a father's love—I wonder if he'll know,
When I reach that distant city, the child you cherish'd so.
Many a stranger heart has lov'd me, and bless'd me for the face
So strangely like my mother's, with its pale and dreamy grace!
And I felt that all who knew you in the happy years before,
Remember'd you still tenderly, as in the days of yore;
And my father, too, may know me, in that hour of perfect joy!
Ah! you smile, my gentle mother, at the dreaming of your boy!

Lay my head, my mother darling, close beside the ivied wall,
With the blessed sunlight streaming as a golden rain o'er all—
Where little feet will linger, as the sunset shadows lean,
And English daisies blossom, my heart and you between.
You'll remember, mother darling, when the night o Death is near,
Two in heaven will be waiting your coming feet to hear;
You will not shrink nor tremble—you know who went that way—
One step into the darkness—then God's eternal day!
From my heart the bloom has faded, and from my eyes their light—
Press me closer to your bosom—kiss me—mother, dear, good night!

*Philadelphia.*

# REGINA;

## OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

### CHAPTER X.

Oh, think of all the thousand ways
In which you strive to torture me!—
Think how you twine fame's glossy boughs
With the dead leaves of Treachery!
Think how your hand now shuts me out
From human love and sympathy,
Till faith in man becomes a doubt,
And Heaven a vast blue mystery! M. B.

Ruth lifted her streaming eyes to his.

"Howe, if you pity those poor birds, pity me!—I am far more wretched than they are!"

"I never said I pitied them."

"Oh, but you do—you cannot help it! I know you have a kind heart; I have often thought so."

He laughed.

"I dare say."

"I have indeed, Howe. When you came twice, and told me about him, I said how kind you were."

"If you made such a preposterous blunder, it is quite time I set you right. If I have a heart at all—and I often doubt it—it is harder than the nearest millstone. *I care no more for* your sighs and tears than I care for the piping of those foolish birds—except that I think you look rather prettier while you are weeping, if such a thing is possible. Most women make frights of themselves if they cry—you do not; and so you can go on as long as you like; I do not object to it in the least."

The man's look and language were so different from anything she had ever seen in him before, that Ruth almost forgot her misery in her astonishment, as she gazed at him. He drew himself up to his full height, and made a gesture as if he was casting something from him.

"There, for the present I will be myself. I will throw aside this disguise of servitude, and speak out like a man. It relieves me inexpressibly—and besides, you may be more ready to listen to me when you see me in my best aspect. I have one."

Ruth rose from the floor, wiped away her tears, and sat down again in the velvet chair, sick and dizzy, and longing to know what all these startling scenes and words could mean. Charlemount false? Oh, it could not be! This man was evidently not a servant—she had been imposed upon—he was seeking to win her by some terrible falsehood, but he should find her true—true and patient! And let the plot be what it might, her brave Charlemount would find a way to cut its threads, and save her! All would be well, in time!

"Have you no curiosity about me, Ruth?" asked Howe, finding she did not speak.

"Why should I have? What can you possibly be to me, that I should take any interest in you or your position? If you were a prince of the blood royal it would make no difference! Charlemount stands between us!"

"Idiot! you had better say that Regina stands between you and Charlemount—as she does!"

"I do not believe it."

"Capital! What do you believe, then?"

"That you are one of Charlemount's friends—at least, that you call yourself one—and that you have taken advantage of some confidence he has placed in you, to try and make me hate him. The attempt is a most useless one; I shall pay no attention to what you say, and he himself will punish you for your treachery when he hears of it."

Howe laughed—a low, long, sarcastic laugh, that was by no means pleasant to hear.

"Upon my word, the faith you women have in us men is refreshing! You will believe me soon enough, however. And so you take me for one of his friends?"

"One of his seeming friends."

"I wonder what he would say to that! My dear, I am sorry to knock your pretty little romance on the head, but I must. I am not a gentleman—at least, by birth; I am the son of a very poor Yorkshire farmer, and I have been Lord Charlemount's servant ever since I was sixteen, and he thirteen, years old. His confidential servant, too;—and that means very much."

Ruth's courage began to fail; and leaning back, she covered her eyes with her hand. If, indeed, *this* was true, might not *all* be?

"I was with the Earl—he was not an Earl then, though—at school, and at a university abroad," continued Howe. "A promising youth he was! You, who have such an affectionate faith in him, would be quite charmed with the details of his early life; but I will not enter into them. It is quite enough to tell you that 'women and wine' have been his 'rocks ahead' ever since I have had the pleasure of knowing him, and that you are by no means the only fair lady who has trusted him too far!"

Ruth did not answer this taunt. A cold hand, like the hand of death, seemed on her heart, and yet her temples burned and throbbed with agony, and her cheeks were flushed as he had never seen them before.

"A color becomes you, my dear. No *rouge* that you ever wore upon the stage was half so beautiful as that you have now. But I think you do not like compliments, and so I will go on with my story. You must know that the Earl was always very fond of me. I came to him a rough, ignorant boy; indeed, he took me out of his father's stables, if the truth must be told, because I pleased him by my bold riding, and could stick in my saddle, when I went over a five-barred gate, as if I grew there. He was very kind to me—he gave me all the advantages in his power, and as I was not quite an idiot, I improved them. At school, at the university, I served him; but I also studied hard, and he helped and encouraged me. When he left Germany I really think I was the best man of the two at the classics. You would hardly think that of me, would you, my dear Ruth?"

She was silent.

"Dumb still?" he continued, with a smile. "Well, I am coming to something that will interest you more. I am going to tell you how I loved that man whom you are loving at this very moment. His own brother never was half so devoted to him. I would have died for him. I owed him everything; it was almost as if he had created me; and I paid him that service and worship that theologians say we ought to pay to Him who really did turn us from the dust of earth into living beings. It went on for a few years, and then how do you think he repaid all that fidelity and affection?"

"As he has repaid mine!" murmured Ruth.

"You are not far wrong. There was a girl"—a momentary spasm crossed his dark, quiet face—"a girl as beautiful and as pure as you were before he met you, and I loved her with all my heart, and was going to make her my wife. She loved me, too—at least she fancied she did; and we were happier, I think, than human beings ever were before. By heaven! even now, and here, beneath this roof, the memory of Alice makes a boy of me again!"

He leaned his head upon his clasped hands, and something like a sob burst from his lips. But before Ruth could take advantage of this gentle mood, he controlled himself, and went on with his tale, in the same cold tone.

"I told my master of her. I took him to see her. I went away, by his suggestion, to prepare a little home for her. I worked hard—but it was a labor of love. When the cottage was ready, and I returned for my bride, where do you think she was?"

"I pity you from the bottom of my heart!" *said Ruth, gently.*

"Bah! I do not want your pity. I swore on that day, that from your sex I would accept neither love nor sympathy again. Alice had gone abroad, and with Charlemount; but she did not return with him. In six months he was back again in England, gay and happy as ever. He had left her abroad."

"Poor girl!"

"Ah!" said Howe, with a quiet smile, "you need not pity her either. "Both he and I were mistaken in Alice. I thought her pure, and he thought her meek and forgiving. I knew, years ago, that I had been at fault; but it is reserved for him to learn wisdom later yet."

"How long ago was all this?"

"Fifteen years."

"He must have been a mere boy."

"Scarcely older than his son is now."

"His son! Had she a child?"

"Yes."

"And does he know this?"

"Not at present; but he will be informed in time."

Ruth sat lost in thought. It was far less bitter to lose *this* Charlemount than the Charlemount she had loved. And yet she could forgive him all—nay, she *must* forgive it, and save Regina from a doom which she, least of all women, could bear—that of marrying a man who was not worthy of her, and whom she did not love.

"If he has injured you so, why are you with him still?" she asked.

"He has injured you as deeply, and yet you would pardon him, and that gladly," said Howe, who seemed able to read her thoughts by watching her face.

"I am a woman!"

"Well, it may be that we forgive as well as you!"

She looked at him a moment.

"No, you have not forgiven him!"

"I have given up every hope and prospect in life, simply to be near him. I might have raised myself far above my station, in another land, for I have talent, though you may not think it. In America, for instance, where rank is not inherited, but won, I might have filled a high place in the eyes of men. I knew it—I felt my power! Perhaps even here in England I could have risen from obscurity if I had chosen to exert myself. But I preferred to stand behind the chair of the Earl of Charlemount—to manage his *amours*—to write his letters—witness those which charmed you so in Paris! I not only wrote, but I composed them, Ruth!"

"Oh, this is bitter!" she sighed.

"Well, take the dose without making any fuss about it; and show yourself a woman of sense, and join with me in the revenge I shall have some day!"

"Revenge?"

"What else do you think I am living for? I came to him after—after Alice was lost to me, and said that I forgave him. He believed me. He took me back into his service, and thought he made amends for all by the heavy salary he gave me, and the trifling labor he allotted to my share. I was with him when he married—and when he murdered—that unfortunate wife of his!"

"Murdered!"

"Make yourself easy; he did it legally, and with all propriety. Yet the poor lady was no less murdered than if he had stabbed her to the heart. Well, then, he went abroad. I was with him. He came to England. I was with him. He won you; he won a thousand others; he threw them aside, and yet I was with him. He loves now for the first time in his whole life, and I am with him. He goes abroad with Regina. I shall be with him still. Believe me, Ruth, if Satan were at his elbow, in person, it would be as well. For fifteen years I have led him on from crime to crime—his soul has been steeped in vice beyond redemption; and it has all been my work! His punishment hereafter being certain, only one thing remained—to torture him here on earth. I had almost despaired of success till now; but he loves Regina—he loves Regina, and I can strike him to the very heart, by means of her and of that affection!"

"Good heavens!" cried Ruth. "Was ever anything more horrible! You cannot mean it!"

"Every word. I have never said it before: I cannot tell you how it has relieved me."

"If it is all true," said Ruth, rising, "I will save him."

"From what, pray?"

"From you and from himself!"

"In what way?"

"At least he shall not marry Regina."

"What a disinterested creature you are!—But let me finish my story: let me tell you how this wedding was brought about. Do you remember the meeting at your chamber window the night before you came here?"

"What of it?"

"I planned it. It was a clever thing, I must say. While you and Charlemount were billing and cooing there, Clifford was perched upon the wall, looking at you, and fancying it was his beloved Regina all the while?"

"Good heavens! is this true?"

"As gospel, my dear. I have laughed till I cried over the scene a thousand times since.—He tried to strike the Earl, but tumbled down in the lane in a fit, and we bundled him into a cab and sent him home, like a pair of good Samaritans as we were."

"And then—what then? Oh, if you have any mercy, tell me more!"

"Why, what could you expect? Of course, he quarreled with Regina, and then with Charlemount. They fought—the Earl was hit, and Clifford ran away. Then Regina very kindly received her champion; and the end of all is, that to-morrow they are to be married and start for Italy—*with me*—for I meet them in Paris. Is it not an interesting story?"

"Planned! That meeting was planned? And by him—with his consent!" moaned Ruth.

"Of course it was. But don't faint away again—what good will that do? You see now what the visit to Paris was for. I planned that also. It was the only way I could see for him to win her."

"What had I ever done to you that you should break my heart so cruelly?" said Ruth, looking at him with her large, sad eyes.

*[illegible] gave you a thought in the matter one way or another, except that the fact of your loving and trusting him made his rascality ten thousand times deeper, and because Regina is so fond of you that when she finds it all out—ah, what a scene that will be! By heaven! I shall be repaid for all I have suffered when the day comes! And there is another thing in store for him; but that I leave to Alice—for she will be there! And you, Ruth, will you come with us, too?"*

"Oh, let me die!—let me die!" she moaned, resting her forehead on the cool marble of the chimney-piece.

"If you prefer it! But you have something to do first."

"What?"

"Consent to make *me* happy!"

She looked at him with a vacant glance.

"I swore never to receive love or tenderness from your sex again when Alice deserted me. But—"

A glimpse of his meaning flashed across her bewildered brain, and she uttered a cry of fear.

"Man, have you no mercy? Oh, let me go—let me go and warn him before it is too late!"

"Go, by all means—*if you can!*" was his mocking reply.

She knelt at his feet.

"See!—I will beg you, like this, to let me go!"

"You know I shall do nothing of the kind. What do you think I made this journey for? The Earl himself begs that you will not favor him or Regina with your company, you know. I, on the contrary, shall be exceedingly grateful for it, till I am obliged to leave you. And if you like, in the course of a few months, Alice herself will tell you when you can join me again."

Ruth darted to the window, and called aloud for help.

"Don't strain your voice, my dear!" he said quietly. "The village is at some little distance, and I may as well tell you now that every one in Wilverton supposes you to be a mad lady, brought here by your keepers for the sake of quiet and country air. Even if they should happen to hear your cries, they would run away instead of coming to help you. Mrs. Maining has taken care of that. She told the workmen that one of your violent paroxysms was coming on, when she employed them to put these strong bars before your windows. You will find that we have thought of everything—prepared for everything!"

"Mad!" exclaimed Ruth, looking at him with a despairing glance. "Well, perhaps I shall be soon! Oh, let me go—let me go! for heaven's sake!"

Howe's only answer was a smile, and he stepped forward and sounded a little bell that hung from the wall. A dumb waiter rose through the floor, furnished with a delicate and tempting meal.

"You see we have adopted some of the habits of her Brompton cottage," he said, courteously. "I will leave you to your lunch. At seven, I shall have the honor of dining with you. I trust to find you kinder then than you are inclined to be now; for you know, my dear, that you must submit, either willingly or unwillingly, to all the arrangements I have made here for your comfort and for mine."

He touched the secret spring as he spoke, and passed quickly into the next room. Ruth dragged herself to the wall, and sought diligently with her trembling fingers for its concealed door. In vain! in vain! Twenty-four hours more, and Regina would be lost like Charlemount, while she raved in the prison which he whom she loved had so cunningly and faithlessly devised.

* * * * * *

The Earl of Charlemount rose very early on the morning after Howe's departure for Wilverton—so early that not a housemaid in the establishment was up, and only a faint streak of dawning light was visible in the east. He rang the bell of his dressing-room very gently, and presently there entered to him Roberts, the functionary who had been dismissed from Ruth's cottage to make room for the son of Mrs. Maining.

"Any letters yet, Roberts?" asked the Earl, anxiously.

"None, my lord," replied the man, as he stirred the fire (lighted by his own hands at four, A. M.,) in a little saloon opening out of the dressing-room.

"Give me some breakfast, and take this letter to St. Edward's Square immediately."

"Yes, my lord."

Roberts disappeared. While the breakfast is being prepared, let us look over the Earl's shoulder as he dashes off a despatch to his crony, Tom Grosvenor.

"MY DEAR FELLOW,—

"Have your parson ready at the proper hour. I have not yet heard from H., but all must go well in that quarter. Luck, having served me faithfully so far, will hardly desert me now. I shall see her at eight. Good heavens! what if this day and this thing should go wrong, after all? I wish with all my heart that it was over; till it *is*, I am in torments. Keep everything as quiet as you can at the church. Above all, see that there is no mistake—no delaying with the parson. Yours, C."

"Take this," he said to Roberts, as he returned, "and give it to Captain Grosvenor's valet yourself. He will be up, and expecting you. You are to bring back an answer, and to go and come as fast as your horse can carry you. Call up the people before you set out. I shall want the brougham at exactly half past seven. No one need come to me till you return. I shall dress by myself."

Wondering "what the deuce was the matter," Roberts departed, and the Earl devoted himself to breakfast, staring vacantly into the fire, as he munched his toast, and scalding himself with his coffee. A few hours, and his destiny would be decided; a few hours, and Regina would be his own, if nothing happened to overturn his carefully laid plans. What *could* happen? He did not know; but the guilty are ever full of fear, and he trembled like a coward over the brink of a happiness so exquisite, that it seemed to him only like a dream.

He dressed hurriedly, but carefully; hiding his bridegroom's apparel under a paletot of blameless sobriety in cut and color. Roberts, coming back, found him walking, nervously, up and down the room; and gave him a small *note, written on the fly-leaf of a volume of* French play. *C'est fait.* He read it through, and a deep color suffused his face.

"It is all right, Roberts. Have you seen to everything?"

"To everything, my lord. The coachman has just gone to the station, with the trunks and imperials."

"Very well. Is the brougham ready?"

"Yes, my lord."

"You are to go out with me. And—tell the people, before we set out."

In ten minutes, the Earl and his servant were progressing swiftly towards Regina's home, while the servants' hall was filled with a group of wondering domestics, discussing the astonishing news which had just been communicated to them. "A Countess of Charlemount! and married no one knows where, or by whom! Going off, too, to France, in such a hurry, and without even a wedding breakfast!"

"My lord is mad!" exclaimed the stout cook, indignantly; and the housekeeper nodded her head approvingly at the daring speech; and the tall footman cried, "Bravo!" Not one among them cared to see a mistress ruling in Charlemount House, or Charlemount Hall; especially a mistress who stepped from the stage, to sit upon her throne, and reign over them. I am afraid those were but sorry congratulations which were uttered behind the Earl's back; and though plenty of champagne and claret flowed later on in the day, not once was the bride's health drank by those who were so soon to form the members of her household, and the doers of her will.

At the Brompton Cottage everything was going on quiet, as usual. Regina, having breakfasted (for it was one of her "early days,") was lying on a sofa in her dressing-room, looking languidly at Prudence, who was emptying the contents of a set of drawers, upon the chairs, and packing them neatly for the journey so soon to be taken.

"Why in the world have you begun so soon?" asked Regina, with a terrific yawn. "You have days, yet, before you."

"But, my dear, you forget that I have many things to see to besides this. There is the breakfast!"

"I don't mean to have one, Prudence."

The worthy woman looked horrified.

"No breakfast! My dear, it would hardly be a wedding without one!"

"Indeed! I always labored under a foolish impression that the ceremony at church had something to do with the wedding."

"No breakfast!"

"Who is to eat it, pray? Do you suppose Lord Charlemount and I are going to amuse ourselves by sitting down to it alone?"

"There is the manager, Mr. Irwin."

"He is out of town. I sent a note to his house yesterday, and he has been gone a week. No, Prudence, I'll have no breakfast of my own. The servants may have a feast, if they like—and I daresay they will. But I shall start almost from the church door, for Paris. Dear old Paris! Do you know, Prudence, the pleasantest part of the whole business to me is, that I shall see that city again—and so soon!"

Prudence went on folding and packing, for a time, in perfect silence. At last, without looking up, she said,

"My dear, at times, I think you are doing wrong!"

"I am doing that always!"

"But in this one thing."

"How?"

"Don't be offended, my dear, if I ask you a very plain question. Do you love this Earl?"

"Not a bit!" was the cold reply. "And you know it very well!"

"Pause, then, my dear, and reflect."

"Not I. I have had enough of reflecting to last me all my life. Besides, it is too late now!"

"Thou wilt repent!" said the good woman—speaking in French—as she came and leaned affectionately over her nursling.

"No!"

"Thou wilt tire of him!"

"No!"

Prudence drew a long breath, and shook her head, sadly.

"Oh, my sweet one!—I fear—I fear!"

Regina was silent. She changed her position once or twice, and finally sat upright, and looked into the kind old face that bent over her.

"Prudence, I like him, and I will try to be good to him, for his own sake, and for Alfred's!"

"But why marry him?"

"For his coronet, to be sure!" said the girl, frankly. "And then, I know how it will pain—pain—some one, to hear it."

"Ah!"

The old woman returned to her packing. She was a woman, and she understood this bit of feminine revenge—possibly sympathised with it. At all events, she said no more against it.

"What are you putting up all those fripperies for?" asked Regina, contemptuously. "I will not have them."

"But a bride, my dear!"

"Bride, or no bride, they shall not go. Thrust them out—give them to the maids. Poor Ruth! she ought to be here to succeed to them. She has a feminine love for knicknacks. I wish I had. Dear Ruth! I should like to see her in her wedding dress, with that soft, white veil falling almost to her feet. She will be as beautiful as she was when she played Undine. Do you remember that, Prudence?"

"Yes. But Miss Ruth will hardly look more beautiful than you, my dear, in your robes. The dress is enough to make any one expire with envy; and as for the veil and the orange flowers—"

"Prudence, what are you talking about? I have ordered no bridal dress!"

"You order no dresses, my dear, at any time!" said the good woman, a little frightened at the result of her temerity.

"Do you mean to say that you have been conspiring to trick me out in white satin and orange blossoms?" asked Regina, half angry, half amused.

"My dear, the dress will be here to-morrow. When you cast your eyes upon it, you *will repent anything you may say against it* to-day!"

"You may give it to Eliza or to Jane. I will not wear it. White, indeed! and for *me*? I wonder at you, Prudence!"

"But be reasonable, my child! What *will* you wear?"

"Black, of course!"

Prudence uttered a little shriek of dismay.

"Married in black? Who ever heard of such a thing! What good fortune would attend such a wedding as that would be?"

"Not much, I dare say!" replied Regina, with a melancholy smile. "But then, good fortune is not for me! You dear old woman, don't you see that mourning is the only suitable dress, after all? There, we will say no more about it! I protest we shall have no wedding if you do!"

A knock at the door silenced the eloquent appeal Prudence was about to make. She opened it, and John tendered a card, which she gave to Regina.

"The Earl of Charlemount here, and at this hour of the day? It must be some mistake! John!"

The servant entered.

"Who gave you this?"

"Roberts, Miss Regina!"

"And who is Roberts, pray?"

"Servant out of livery, Miss Regina—a kind of confidential servant to Lord Charlemount!"

"Humph!"

"His lordship is waiting," John ventured to observe.

"Where?"

"In the study."

"Did he give you any message?"

"No, Miss Regina."

"Well, you may go. I will come down. What can it mean, Prudence?" she added, as John retreated.

"Eight of the clock," said Prudence, looking at the timepiece on the mantel shelf. "Something must have happened, my dear!"

"To Ruth!" said Regina, starting from the mirror before which she stood. "I am sure of it!" And without another word, she flew down the stairs, with white lips, and a heart beating so that she could scarcely draw her breath.

Charlemount looked pleased at seeing her enter wearing her simple dressing-gown, and with her hair carelessly arranged. He fancied she had been in such haste to meet *him*; for the moment, he quite forgot the letter of which he was the supposed bearer, and sprang forward to welcome her with all a lover's eagerness.

"My darling, how can I thank you for coming to me so soon?"

"Tell me at once," she whispered, leaning upon his arm, because she felt too faint to stand alone. "Ruth, Ruth! What of her? Is she ill? Has she sent you for me? Speak!"

"Ruth is well!"

The color came back to her lips, and she went and sat down in her easy chair.

"Why did you frighten me so?" she said, half angrily. "If she is well and happy, why on earth did you come out here at this un-

heard-of hour? Have you brought me a letter—have you seen her?"

"There is an answer to all your questions!" he said, as he placed a sealed note in her hands. "It will show you why I have sinned against etiquette so deeply in choosing the hour of my coming."

"Dear, dear Ruth!" said Regina, kissing the letter. "A regular Italian, school girl, sentimental hand, and a seal—a forget-me-not, with a French motto! Good Ruth!"

She opened the letter. Charlemount watched her face anxiously. She read it first to herself, and then aloud.

"Just listen, Charlemount:—

"'My Dearest—

"'I have only just time to say 'well and happy!' in answer to your questions! I have been longing to write to you each day, but each day I have waited for these tidings! Now receive them! I am married, Regina! How oddly it sounds! Married—and to one who has been so dear to me for so many years!—Surely I am in a happy dream!

"'Charlemount and Harry say I am to reserve my rhapsodies till we meet in Paris.—How strange it has all ended, has it not? We shall expect you each day; do not be long after us: and take my best wishes for your own wedding-day, my dear one! May you be happy! You have made a wise choice *at last!* and it is sweet to think that we shall really be sisters—not in heart only, but in name! I wore your roses, and I thought of you! I have a million things to say to you when we meet! Oh, to think that we are to meet again, and so soon, and so happy! They are calling me, and Charlemount is eager to say good-bye! I say it, too, for a time; and may God bless my dear Regina, is the heartfelt prayer of

"'RUTH.'"

"Poor little fool!" was Regina's first remark, as she concluded. "I hope he will be good to her!"

"He is devoted to her!"

"For how long?"

"For a lifetime, of course!"

"That does not follow!" she said, shrugging her shoulders. "But never mind; tell me of the wedding! Did you give the bride away?"

"I had the honor!"

"Ruth cried, I dare say!"

"A little."

"All women do!"

"Why, I wonder?"

"Possibly because they imagine they are to have very good reasons for tears in the future!" said Regina, drily.

"Ah!"

"Did she look pretty?"

"Very."

"And they are in Paris now?"

"They are."

Charlemount, who had been suffering through this cross examination such torture as a man must always suffer who descends to falsehood, gladly turned the conversation when it had reached this point.

"Shall we join them there, Regina?"

"How long do they remain? It depends on that!"

"Only a day or two."

"So that in order to join them—"

"*We should be married at once.*"

"What does 'at once' mean?"

"This very morning!" he said, desperately, thinking it best to speak out, without further diplomacy.

"You are beside yourself to think of such a thing!" she replied, with a merry laugh.

"No; listen, Regina. A friend of mine has promised to perform the ceremony—he is the curate of a quiet little parish church, where no one will ever come to look at us—another friend will be there as witness. Everything is quite ready for the journey. Mrs. Prudence can attend to all things here at three hours' notice!"

"Upon my word, you are an artless youth!" she exclaimed. "You have made all arrangements, I see. Now, what if I refuse?"

"You will not, for Ruth's sake."

She stood and thought for a few moments, while he paced up and down the room with feverish impatience.

"After all, it may as well be sooner as later," she said at last.

"Do you consent?"

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"That you do not find fault with my sombre garb," and she touched her black dress.—"I cannot wear colors. I have wanted to speak to you about this before."

"As if I cared for your dress, my darling!" he cried, rising up, and taking both her hands in his. "Ah, Regina, how happy you have made me!"

She looked at him with a melancholy smile.

"I am glad if I can make any one happy."

"My lawyer will be here in a few moments. I sent Roberts back with the brougham.—Everything can be arranged before eleven o'clock; and at twelve—at twelve—I shall stand here again beside my wife—Regina!"

He would have embraced her, but she drew back.

"You have never allowed me to touch those beautiful lips yet, my love!"

"They will soon be your own," she said, gravely. "I must leave you now. My poor Prudence, she will be quite wild when she hears of this new plan. She is to go with us!"

"Of course, and all your pets, too—I have seen to everything. Howe and Roberts are to be devoted especially to their welfare and comfort on the trip. All you have to do, my love, is to put on your bonnet and your dress, and drive to church with me. Everything else is arranged, or will be before we return. I expect Howe every moment."

"Good-bye, then, for the present. I am sorely afraid you will repent all this haste one day, my lord."

He smiled, unbelievingly, as he kissed her hand. So that the hours passed by, and all was well till she was truly his own, he had little fear for the future.

Regina went up to her own room, smiling, half sadly, half gravely, to herself. Over the horror and despair of Prudence at the tale she had to tell, we will be content to draw a veil. Let it suffice to say, that impossibilities were rendered possibilities by her energetic movements when she recovered from the first stupor of astonishment, and that at exactly eleven o'clock—the settlements having been signed, and the hall filled with a collection of imperials, trunks and boxes, packed by the united force of the domestic staff—a procession of three carriages moved from the gate, and took its way towards a little parish church beyond the confines of Hammersmith. In one sat Regina, dressed in mourning, but looking very beautiful, with the gauze folds of her robe falling gracefully around her stately form, and a single diamond blazing like a star in the jetty braids above her brow. Prudence accompanied her. In the other carriage came the Earl. The third was to bring back the happy bride and groom, and afterwards to take them to the station in time for the first afternoon train for Paris.

Regina was very silent and sad. "Clifford! Clifford!" her heart kept saying all the way; and looks, and words, and tones she had hoped were quite forgotten, came up before her with a startling power, now that the thought of them was so soon to be a sin. In those green lanes through which her carriage was rolling swiftly, they had strayed for hours in the genial spring sunshine. Under that hawthorn, near that drooping willow they had paused and talked of a happy future to be shared together. The leaves had scarcely lost their green, and yet he was far away, and this was her wedding morning! By yonder stile across the fields, they had watched the cricketers at their merry games. Between those level hedge-rows they had paced to and fro, shut out from the world and seeing nothing but the blue heaven overhead—hearing nothing but the singing of happy birds, or the low tones of each other's happier voices. There was the Priory, and they had gone one day into the quiet little chapel, and looked with curious awe at the burning lights and the silent nuns, kneeling in their violet habits before an altar decked with flowers and candles, and gay with gifts. He had said, how dear a thing it seemed to pray since he could pray for *her*—had said it with his own sweet smile, looking up at the quiet noon sky as they went down the Priory steps, and the lay sister closed the door behind them. And now! and now! Oh, when would Clifford pray for her again? When should she master this feeling, strong as death, and far more cruel than the grave, that would not let her pray for him—would not let her dwell one moment on his image, without such pangs as these? Her heart answered sadly, "Never! never!" and she knew that it said the truth. Countess Charlemount she might indeed be, yet Clifford would not be forgotten. Loved, idolized, worshipped; yet not loving in her turn, but always cold and always sad. Was it well that she should act out this dreadful lie? Well that she should stand before the altar, and promise to love and honor one who was no more to her than the Earl? Her hand was on the check-string; she was about to yield to the whispered counsel of her good angel, and to break off, though at the last moment, this marriage, whose conditions she could not keep. But a small fiend breathed slyly in her ear.

"You would give up all this—and for what? Would Clifford come back to you? Not he! He loves Helen Edlisford. No doubt he is rejoiced at heart at his escape. When he returns and marries her, this ... at a triumph it will be for him to find you still single, still wretched and for his sake! He despises you now, but then—oh, then, he will despise you more!"

A passionate sob rose to her lips.

"What is it, my darling!" asked Prudence, who had been watching her changing her face anxiously.

"Nothing—nothing! Let me alone! I wish I was dead—that is all!" and she buried her face in her hands and leaned back in her own corner of the carriage.

A few rods more, and they turned into the broad road, and Prudence saw a little Gothic church before them. The doors were open, and one or two stray butchers' boys and servants, out on errands, having smelt out a wedding, were hanging around the porch to see the bride go in.

"My dear," said Prudence, gently, "we have arrived."

A shudder ran over Regina from head to foot, but she said nothing. Captain Grosvenor came eagerly forward to the carriage door; he was to give the bride away. As she passed into the vestry, leaning on his arm, the butchers' boys stared oddly at each other.

"Can't be a wedding, can it, Bill?" said one, dubiously.

And the other replied,

"Liker a funeral, I should say—only I can't see no corpse."

Regina heard him, and gave a dreary smile. At that moment there seemed so little life or hope within her, that she might almost as fitly lie down within a coffin as upon a bridal couch.

The clergyman, who was quite a young man, seemed terribly afraid of the tall, beautiful woman, who looked at him so gravely out of her dark eyes. To him, the match was everything that was imprudent and terrible; and he had only been won over to play his part in it by the entreaty of the Earl in person. He evidently looked upon the actress as a kind of sorceress, and trembled under her glance as a bird would tremble before a serpent about to charm it to its death. His embarrassment only added to that of the party before him, and they placed themselves so awkwardly at the altar, that, but for Tom Grosvenor's presence of mind, Prudence would have been the Countess of Charlemount, instead of her young mistress. The ceremony began when this little mistake had been rectified, and the Earl grew more composed on stealing a glance round the church, and seeing no accusing face looking down on him from organ-loft or gallery. All was safe, so far as his poor young victim was concerned.

He made his responses in a clear, low voice, and with deep feeling. Regina looked like one in a dream. Not once did her eyes meet his. Not once did she touch him as they knelt or stood side by side. He felt that her heart was far away—he knew, instinctively, where! When he took her hand, it was cold as ice. She started, and looked curiously at the ring sliding down upon her finger, and half drew back her hand. But he held it firmly; his own were hot and trembling, and his cheeks were flushed, and his eyes burning with a strange light. The blessing was pronounced; they walked down the aisle, and the slight hand was resting on his arm. Tom Grosvenor escorted them with a smiling face to sign their names in the vestry. The clergyman, having divested himself of his surplice, came round to shake Charlemount by the hand and wish him joy. He did it with an air of protest; and addressing Regina by her new title, roused her from the reverie into which she had fallen. She looked at her husband.

"At last!" he said, with a smile—"at last—Countess of Charlemount!" and bending fondly over her, he pressed his lips to hers. They grew cold beneath his own—she had fainted in his arms!

"She is dead!" cried out the terrified clergyman.

"She is ill, idiot!" answered Tom Grosvenor, irreverently; and taking up a glass of water on the window-ledge, he brought it to his friend, and Charlemount sprinkled a little upon her face. His own was almost as white, as she opened her eyes and looked up at him.

"What is it, my lord?"

"You were ill, love! Are you better now?"

"Yes—better. Where is Prudence?"

"Here, beside you."

"Ah, I remember!" she said, gazing round the room. "I remember it all now. Let Prudence take me home."

"She shall go with us, my love."

"No! alone! alone!" murmured Regina, struggling out of his arms, and clinging to her nurse. "I am not well yet, my lord! I will go back with her as I came."

"As you like," said Charlemount, offering her his arm. "Captain Grosvenor will go with me. Shall we follow you at once, or—"

He hesitated.

"Give me an hour's rest, my lord," said Regina, faintly. "I shall be able to begin our journey then."

He led her to her own brougham, and saw her seated with Prudence beside her.

"My love, if you wish to defer our journey for a day or two, I will go at once, and telegraph to Paris."

"Oh, no—let us go to-day—at the time named. I shall be quite well enough—quite!"

"In an hour's time, then, expect me at the cottage. Take good care of her, Prudence; and if she continues ill, tell me when I come. If she is better, have all in readiness, so that we may start on the instant. Regina!"

"Yes, my lord."

"Here is your glove."

As he placed it in her hand, he bent down and kissed the wedding-ring he had just placed there. The carriage whirled away, and he went back into the vestry. The Reverend Clarence Howard shook hands with him once more as he said good-bye, but evidently regarded him with the eyes of pity. Captain Grosvenor waited while he gave orders to his coachman, and then followed him into the brougham, which was driven by the faithful [illegible]

"The carriage will go back to the cottage, Roberts," said the Earl. "And you may drive into the Park."

They had got far down the High Street, in Kensington, before either of the occupants of the brougham spoke. Charlemount turned, at last, to his companion, who was intently studying the varnished tops of his patent-leather boots.

"Well, Tom!"

"Well, George!"

"What do you think about it all?"

"Do you really want me to say?"

"Of course!"

"It is a very delicate subject!"

"Out with it!"

"It is the goose's own delight then!" said Captain Tom, very profoundly.

"By heaven! I think you are right!" groaned poor Charlemount.

"Still, you have many things on your side. And one is, that she is yours at last. I give you joy, my dear fellow!"

They shook hands silently.

"Do you think she will ever love me, Tom?"

"*Of* course! Women always do after they are once married. But I confess, I have been afraid she would slip through your fingers all this while. You have played a bold game for her; you deserved to win, and I am glad you have!"

"She was thinking of him all the while!" cried out the Earl, biting his moustache. "I saw it in her face; and, by heaven, I was so miserable, at one time, that I had a great mind to say, 'Here, my dear, I will set you free, even now, if you like!' What if I had, Tom!"

"You would have been a fool for your pains! There is not such another Countess in the United Kingdom!"

"I know it!—I know it!" replied poor Charlemount, with a heavy sigh. "And she must love me by and by. I will be so kind to her that she cannot help it. Hang that *Clifford!*"

"There, never mind him now. He is out of the way, that is one comfort. Where do you go first?"

"To Paris."

"You gave her the letter from Ruth, to-day?"

"Yes."

"She suspected nothing?"

"Nothing!"

"That fellow of yours has the head of a prime minister. He has managed this business splendidly. He is very faithful, is he not?"

"Oh, very."

"Where is he now?"

"At home, I dare say. We will drive down and see. We have plenty of time, and I hardly think he would go out to the cottage without getting a message from me. Roberts, home!"

"What will you do with Ruth?"

"He will think of some plan after we are safely off. I can only think of one thing now, and that is Regina."

"But she expects to meet her in Paris."

"True."

"How will you manage that?"

"Howe has already done it. Letters are awaiting the Countess of Charlemount, there, at this moment, to inform her that my brother Harry has been suddenly called to Germany, on business; but that they will meet us in Rome. Once on the Continent, it is an easy thing to account for missing friends; and in a year or two she will forget Ruth, I trust, and be content with your humble servant."

"What if I fill your place with Ruth, George?"

"You are welcome."

"She was a beautiful creature!"

"Yes, to one who has not known and loved a Regina."

"Gentle, I suppose and affectionate?"

"You have just described her—a nature all honey and sweetness. She is like a spaniel—the more harshly you treat her, the more she fawns upon you."

"How bitter you are!"

"Not at all. I am only telling you the truth. I dare say you will like her the better for it. Give me more spirit!"

"You have got it!" said Tom, briefly.

"Yes. The Countess of Charlemount is made of different materials from that poor little girl! If Ruth had been like her, she would have been with me to-day!"

"I wonder what they have done with the poor little devil!"

"A friend of Howe's has taken charge of her till we are off. You will get her address, if they have removed her, at Wilverton Cottage, in ———shire."

"Thank you! I shall be going down into the country to-morrow, and will try my hand at consoling her. But I say, Charlemount, what is all that row about?"

They were just turning into Park Lane, when a crowd in the street interrupted their progress. Charlemount looked out, and saw a female figure wrapped in a torn and dingy gray cloak, and surrounded by a ring of boys, who were hooting and jeering at her.

"A drunken woman, Tom, that is all! Go on, Roberts! I wonder where the policeman can be?"

"Drunk? I hardly think it! Ah, you coward, *would* you!" and darting from the carriage, Captain Grosvenor pounced upon an unhappy newsboy who had tried to trip up the poor creature as she ran wildly to and fro among her tormentors. Charlemount followed him, more to protect his retreat than to join in the threatened *melee*.

"Here comes two swells!" cried out a young butcher, with a shiny face. "Wonder if they'll ask the lady into the carriage!"

"I'll punch your head for you, you booby, in two minutes!" cried Tom Grosvenor, hotly; at which the butcher put down his basket, rolled up his sleeves, and throwing himself into a boxing attitude, begged the Captain "just to come on, and get the best whopping he ever had in his life!"

"Pshaw!" cried the Earl, grasping his friend's arm; "don't get into a scrape here, Tom! The police will be up in a few moments! What is the matter with this woman, my friends?"

"She's got out of the wrong side of the bed, that's all!" cried one.

"Too lazy!" added another.

"Been imbibing the rosy—making acquaintance with the ardent!" said a third, imitating the action of drinking, with great applause.

"I think not." Charlemount went a step or two nearer, and, looking over the heads of his neighbors, said, "What is the matter with you, my poor woman? Can I do anything to help you?"

At the sound of his voice, the bent figure raised itself suddenly, and a white face, lit up with a pair of wild brown eyes, was turned towards him. He started back.

"My God, Tom! can it be?"

"Ah, you have come!" she cried, running towards him, and showing a simple muslin robe under her thick cloak as she threw up her arms. "I knew you would come, George!"

"Here comes the police!" cried out an urchin on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Good heaven, Tom! help me to take her to the carriage! Quick! Here, Roberts, lend a helping hand! Stand at the horses' heads, my man! Quick, quick!—the policeman is almost here!"

The girl was clinging to him, with her arms around his neck, as he spoke; he hurried her into the carriage, and sprang in after her, just as X 156 came panting and puffing up through the gaping crowd. He looked into the window with an air of authority, but recognizing the Earl, touched his hat very politely.

"All right, my lord?"

"Quite right! A family affair, that is all! Tell the man to drive home! Thank you, my friends!"

The blinds were pulled down with a jerk, and the carriage whirled away. The people dispersed, wondering much what the strange and sudden scene could mean.

The Earl sat pale as death in one corner of the carriage, Ruth cowered in another, and Tom Grosvenor, surveying them both, relieved his overcharged feelings now and then by a suppressed oath. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SEASONABLE QUERIES.—The self-examining society has proposed the following queries to all persons about this financial period:—

1. Does it cost anything to print a newspaper?
2. How long can a printer afford to furnish a paper without pay?
3. Do printers eat, drink, and wear clothing?
4. If they do, how do they get it?
5. Do I pay for my paper?
6. Is not this particular period a first-rate time to pay up?

We consider this a good sort of a catechism, and the sharpest delinquent subscriber will no doubt understand it first and pony up instanter.

☞ CURE FOR RASCALITY AND CORRUPTION.—Legalize open bribery. Punish secret bribery with fine and imprisonment. Every case of bribery and corruption being a public transaction, the number of rogues in any constituency will be notorious. When the rogues become too many, for practical purposes disfranchise the constituency.—*Punch.*

## NEWS ITEMS.

GENERAL HARNEY has arrived at Washington, having been recalled from his command in Oregon, at the instance of Gen. Scott, on account of his conduct in the San Juan affair. He will probably be court-martialed.

OUTRAGE AND MURDER.—The Delaware Republican states that a daughter of Zachariah Griffith, aged fourteen, residing about eight miles from Milford, Kent county, Del., left home on Monday morning, for the purpose of going to a neighbor's house; but, in passing through a piece of woods, was assaulted and abused by a negro, and then strangled to death. The negro is in prison.

NEW DISEASE AMONG CATTLE.—The Newark (N. J.) Advertiser says that on many farms between that city and the towns of Bloomfield and Belleville the cows have been taken with swelling of the feet, which become inflamed and discharge pustulous matter. There have been, as yet, no fatal terminations, but there is much anxiety as to the result.

WORDS.—It is said that two words in English, one in French—"how much," "combien"—will take a man through the world. It is of course understood that he has a purse to back the expression. Some travellers have asserted that a combination of the French "combien" and the English "*damn*," constitute a sufficient vocabulary for all practical purposes among foreigners.—*Providence Journal.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the Portsmouth Chronicle gives the following particulars of the death of a lady by lightning, at Hampton, on Wednesday last:—"During the thunder storm on Wednesday evening a house, owned by Uri Lamprey, Esq., and occupied by Mr. Dearborn and Mr. Brown, was struck by lightning, and Mrs. Brown, an Irish lady, was instantly killed, while at prayer, having just made the remark to Mrs. Dearborn that if the Lord was to take them, she knew of nothing better to be doing than to be at prayer. She leaves four small children to the care of her husband. The house is so much damaged as not to be worth repairing."

THE private letters by the Persia from bankers and merchants in Liverpool and London are very encouraging, so far as American interests are concerned. It is conceded that the deficiency in the harvest is now ascertained to be such as to make heavy draughts upon the United States markets inevitable. There was also a livelier demand for most descriptions of American securities at stiffer prices.

MRS. GURNEY is said to be at present in this country, living at one of the fashionable watering places, under an assumed name. She is said to be worth £5,000,000 sterling in her own right!

TRANSFERRING ENGRAVINGS TO WHITE PAPER.—The London Builder gives the following rule for transferring engravings to white paper:—"Place the engravings for a few seconds over the vapor of iodine. Dip a slip of white paper in a weak solution of starch, and, when dry, in a weak solution of oil of vitriol, when dry, lay a slip upon the engraving, and place them for a few minutes under the press. The engraving will thus be reproduced in all its delicacy and finish. The iodine has the property of fixing the black part of the ink upon the engraving, and not on the white." This important discovery is yet in its infancy."

HAYTIEN STATISTICS.—An official Haytien document, gives the number of births, deaths, marriages and divorces in various villages in different parts of the empire, during three months, shows that the whole number of children born in three months was 1,900, of whom 1,740 were born out of wedlock. In Port au Prince, the capital, out of 420 children born, only 30 were legitimate. If any other country on the face of the earth, where the marriage institution is recognized, can exhibit such a monstrous disproportion between the legitimate and illegitimate births, we know not where it is to be found.

INCIDENT.—Several young ladies were looking at the sleeping berths of His Royal Highness, when one damsel exclaimed, asked the attendant if he could tell which berth was for the Prince's own use. She was answered that he "did not know." The young lady, in a very sentimental tone of voice, said she "was so sorry, she would so liked to have placed her hand on his pillow." "Then, marm," said the matter of fact attendant, "I think you had better put it on to all of them, and you will be sure to be right." This seemed to destroy the damsel's romance, for she left the car, "looking daggers" at him who spoke.

SHIPMENTS OF BREADSTUFFS.—To the 1st of August, the Illinois Central Company has forwarded 4,500,363 bushels of grain and flour, which exceeds the total forwarded in the whole year 1856, which was 4,425,809 bushels. Last year, 4,204,004 bushels were forwarded. The total shipment this year will probably be from eight to nine million bushels, or nearly double the amount of any previous year.

THE OLDEST MAN IN THE UNITED STATES.—The editor of the Cincinnati (Ohio) Times recently visited Solomon Panghorn, of Rising Sun, Indiana, who says he was born in the city of New York, a small town of five or six hundred houses, in 1725. He is, consequently, 135 years old.

THE SACRED STONE.—The Hebrew inscription upon the sacred stone recently found in the Ohio mound possesses so deep an interest in deciding the question of the original settlement of this continent, that we give an accurate copy of the translation, as made by Dr. Humphreys, of Boston. The inscriptions upon the four sides of the stone are as follows:—

"Torath Yehovoh—The law of God, (the eternal.) Debar Yehovoh—The word of God, (the excellent and majestic.) Kedesh Kodoshim—Holiness of Holinesses. Melech Oretz—King of the Earth.

EXCITEMENT IN TEXAS.—We have numerous rumors from Texas, of a projected insurrection of the slaves. A number of white persons have been hung for alleged connection with the affair, and large bodies of abolitionists are said to be gathering together. We wait for more definite advices—what we have seeming so exaggerated.

It is said that the Empress Eugenie is about to present the Emperor with a new token of conjugal love.

MRS. SWISSHELM ON MATRIMONY.—A few weeks since Mrs. Swisshelm advertised in the St. Cloud Democrat for women, not for one or two, but for dozens, to supply the luckless bachelors of St. Cloud with helpmates, &c. We notice in the last Democrat that Mrs. Swisshelm has met with a response, which she publishes. It is as follows:

"If you have any first-class widower or bachelor among the lot you speak of, who wants a wife bad enough to send for her, then I am your—woman; a widow of thirty-three, with a daughter of seventeen, and too far reduced in circumstances to enjoy the luxury of single blessedness longer in comfort. So, if any one up there will send for me and daughter soon, we shall be only too happy to come, or he may write and send his likeness, and I will do the same. Modesty, of course, forbids my warranting perfect satisfaction on my part. I hope you will exert your influence, Mrs. S., in my behalf. I have no relatives; I and my daughter are alone in the world. I should be glad to find a congenial companion and a home. I have been alone two years. Believe that this is in good faith."

Mrs. S. hereupon backs down from her proffer, and says that she "would prefer standing sponsor for Mr. Buchanan's last veto and Mrs. Beelzebub's next baby," to aiding her inquiring female friend to a husband.

☞ One John W. Jones, who has been sent to prison for marrying two wives, excused himself by saying, that when he had one, she fought him, but when he got two, they fought each other.

## POLITICAL NEWS.

THE ELECTIONS.—State elections are yet to be held before the Presidential election in November, as follows:—

In Vermont, on Tuesday, Sept. 4.
In California, on Wednesday, Sept. 5.
In Maine, on Monday, Sept. 10.
In Georgia, on Monday, Oct., 1.
In Mississippi, on Monday, Oct. 1.
In Florida on Monday, Oct. 1.
In South Carolina, on Monday, Oct. 8.
In Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, Oct. 9.
In Ohio, on Tuesday, Oct. 9.
In Indiana, on Tuesday, Oct 9.
In Minnesota, on Tuesday, Oct. 9.
In Iowa, on Tuesday, Oct. 9.
Presidential Election in all the States, on Tuesday, Nov. 6.

CALIFORNIA.—The Democratic State Committee have split—twenty-six members have declared for Breckinridge and Lane, and ten for Douglas. Two State Conventions are called, and two Electoral Tickets will be put in the field. At a Breckinridge ratification meeting in San Francisco, the Douglas men voted down the resolutions.

A movement is on foot to call a Bell and Everett State Convention to nominate an Electoral Ticket.

KENTUCKY.—Returns from ninety-six counties have been received. They give the following vote:

| | |
|---|---|
| For Coombs (Union), | 65,453 |
| " McClarty (Breckinridge), | 38,956 |
| " Bolling (Douglas), | 10,682 |
| " Hopkins, | 560 |

There are fourteen counties yet to be heard from.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Full returns from the election in this State give Ellis, Democratic candidate for Governor, a majority of 6,580. The official report may slightly change the figure.

MISSOURI.—The returns for Governor from seventy counties foot up as follows:—Claiborne F. Jackson, (Douglas,) 52,436; Sample Orr, (Union,) 46 136; Hancock Jackson, (Breckinridge,) 5,513; which is not his full vote, the returns from some of the counties being incomplete. The Congressional Delegation stands 5 Democrats to 2 Opposition (one Union and one Republican.)

TEXAS.—Returns from five counties give George M. Flournoy, (Breckinridge,) for Attorney General, 471 majority over George W. Smyth, (Houston Democrat.)

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Douglas State Committee have resolved to strike off of the regular Democratic Electoral Ticket, every man not pledged to Douglas, and substitute new names.

MARYLAND.—A Douglas Electoral Ticket has been selected by a State Convention, held in Baltimore.

IOWA.—A full Breckinridge Electoral Ticket has been nominated by a State Convention held at Davenport.

NEW YORK.—At the Douglas State Convention, a Committe of the Bell and Everett party were present, and were invited to seats on the floor. A joint Douglas and Bell Electoral Ticket, consisting of Reuben H. Walworth, of Saratoga, and Heman J. Redfield, of Genesee, as electors at large, and thirty-three district electors were chosen. Ten are said to be Bell men.

ENTHUSIASTIC LADIES.—We find the following paragraph in the Portland (Maine) Transcript:

"The ladies, in some instances, go into the political campaign with much spirit. We were amused at the manner in which they flung out their banners a few nights since. When one of our political organizations called at the house of a citizen about midnight and drew out a speech, his wife in her enthusiasm, having no handkerchief at hand, pulled her night-cap from her head and waved it vigorously. When the Wide-Awakes were on one of their night excursions some of the ladies at one of the stopping places on the road, having no white handkerchiefs to wave in the darkness, lifted their dresses and shook their white petticoats!"

ARKANSAS.—Despatches assert the election of Mr. Realor, the Independent candidate for Governor. He is 2 765 ahead of Johnson, (Reg. Dem.) with ten counties to hear from. Mr. Hindman (Dem.) is elected in the First Congressional District, and Edward Gantt (Dem.) in the Second.

VIRGINIA.—The Douglas Convention have selected a straight Douglas electoral ticket, refusing the Breckinridge overtures for a compromise. The Breckinridge Convention nominated a Breckinridge ticket. Both Conventions adopted a resolution that the electoral vote of Virginia be cast for any one who can defeat Lincoln.

ALUMINUM.—A few years ago, when this metal was first discovered, it cost £55, per pound, and this costliness insured its being regarded chiefly as an interesting product of ingenious science, while its intractability prevented any application of it to more ornamental or useful purposes that might have been suggested by its peculiar beauty, lightness, and color. With better knowledge of it these difficulties are disappearing. A distinguished firm of manufacturing chemists in France engage to produce it at 36s. per pound, which is only five times dearer than copper; when, in consequence of the great difference in their respective gravities, articles might be manufactured in aluminium at one tenth their cost in silver, possessing all the advantages of that costlier metal. Aluminium has also become more plastic in the hands of the chemist; modes have been discovered of soldering it, by combining it with zinc and copper, and of burnishing and gilding it without the intervention of other metals. By these processes a helmet was recently made for the King of Denmark of gilt aluminium; the total weight of which, including its lion crest, was only 1½ pounds.

FREDERIKA BREMER.—A note to the Boston Transcript informs the world of the whereabouts and present occupation of Miss Frederika Bremer. She left Jerusalem in May, 1859, after a full survey of the most interesting parts of Palestine, having lived in convents, and seen much denied to less distinguished travellers. She undertook the most adventurous excursions on horseback into the interior, with a single Arab as her guide and servant, not fearing the wild Bedouins of the desert. She has examined the Holy Land from Mount Libanus to the Dead Sea; visited the memorable places, passed to Constantinople, Smyrna, and the great places in the East; and then reached Athens to rest and write. She has arranged and copied her notes on Switzerland. Her travels in the East and Greece will make two other works. She will spend the summer among the Greek Islands, and return to rest one more winter at Athens. More than all this, she promises to give to the world a treatise on Prayer, which is already completed.

MRS. GURNEY.—One of Mrs. Gurney's relations in this country, says that he believes the recent letter is a forgery. He says she speaks of being so extremely happy, of "never having known true happiness before," when I have letters now in my possession, written by her own hand, and bearing the same date, in which she says:—"I have not been able to answer your letter before, I have been so wretched, which, I am sure, you will think I do indeed deserve. I am most heartily grieved and sorry for what I have done, and if days and nights of bitterness will help to make amends for sin, I have had enough."

☞ The Duke of Somerset and Lord Clarence Paget have stated that Englishmen are not permitted to work in French arsenals; and this is confirmed by three shipwrights who went over to France, but have since returned.

### The Principal of an English Seminary Sentenced for Killing One of his Pupils.

The London Times, in speaking of crime in England, says that the "Summer Assizes in that county have already produced many startling cases, and as the eye glances over the columns, and speeds from crime to crime, the reader shudders at the glimpses which ever and anon he obtains of the depths of the depravity of our common nature, and of the fearful agencies of our worst instincts. Terrible deeds of vengeance, committed upon slight provocation, are proved against men of orderly lives and good previous conduct. Cruelties without evil motive, and which could only proceed from a savage nature, indulging its impulses under the self-deception that cruelty and duty go hand-in-hand, are made evident against men whom society has respected, and to whom parents have confided the care of their children."

The particular case to which the Times in this article alludes, is that of Mr. Hopley, a middle-aged man of gentlemanly appearance, preceptor of a family school, who was tried in London week before last, on the charge of killing one of his pupils, named Reginald Channel Cancellor, the son of a man of fair position in society, for the board and instruction of whom Mr. Hopley was to receive $900 per year. It is asserted that the instructor mistook the mental condition of the lad, and attributed his stupidity, really caused by water on the brain, to obstinacy, and undertook to beat him into a brighter mental condition. What befel the poor lad we give from the report of the Times:—

One morning Cancellor was found dead in his bed. The body was found carefully covered over. It had white kid gloves upon its hands, and long stockings drawn far up over the thighs; nothing was visible but the face. Hopley suggested that the boy had died of disease of the heart, and wished a certificate of the surgeon and immediate burial. At one moment it appeared likely that the whole affair would be hushed up. But numerous stories of midnight shrieks and blood-stained instruments of punishment began to be whispered about. The servants had seen blood upon the linen in Mrs. Hopley's room, and had heard sounds which convinced them that the miserable wife had spent the night in the frightful task of preparing the body to pass a superficial investigation, and in getting rid of the traces of violence which would testify against her husband.

Then came the real investigation. The gloves and the stockings were stripped off, and the legs and the arms of the corpse were found to be covered with extravasated blood, the "cellular membranes under the skin of the thighs were reduced to a perfect jelly; in fact, all torn to pieces and lacerated by the blows that had been inflicted." There were two holes in the right leg about the size of a sixpence, and an inch deep, which appeared to have been made by jabbing a thick stick into the flesh. The appearance was that of a human creature who had been mangled by an infuriated and merciless assailant. All these appearances coincided but too faithfully with what was now learnt of the conduct of the schoolmaster.

A servant girl who slept next to the pupil-room heard the boy crying and screaming under blows, and her master talking and beating. She listened at ten o'clock, when the torture was going on, and she awoke at twelve, and it was still proceeding. Then the cries suddenly ceased, and nothing after was heard during that anquiet night but the stealthy movements of the wife, who was, with womanly devotion, doing her fearful task of hiding the traces of the tragedy.

The trial resulted in the conviction of Hopley, who was sentenced to four years' penal servitude.

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The Great Elevator.—A Southern gentleman, at one of the hotels in this State, last week, perceiving that the dining-room servant, a negro, was bestowing his attentions elsewhere to his neglect, called up John and accosted him in this wise:

"John, I have servants at home, and am waited upon as a gentleman should be. I am neglected here, and am tired of it. I give you fair notice that I shall inform the proprietors of your conduct unless you behave better."

The consequence was, John became very attentive during the few days the gentleman remained. On going away, the gentleman called John up and presented him with a dollar or two, which he thus acknowledged:

"Thank'e, massa, Southern gemmen always so—reprimand us if we don't 'tend 'em right, but dey always gives us a dollar or two 'fore day leave. But dese Abolishun gemmen mighty hard to suit, and requires so much 'tention, an' when dey leave, shake your hand, look up to de sky, an' say: 'God bless you, my unfortunate friend, and elevate you in the scale of humanity,' or something like dat, but never give us a thing to elevate us."

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Go Aheadism.—Sir Charles Lyall, when in the United States received the following advice from a friend:—When you are racing with an opposite steamboat, or chasing her, and the other passengers are cheering the captain, who is sitting on the safety valve to keep it down with his weight, go as far as you can from the engine, and lose no time, especially if you hear the captain exclaim, "Fire up, boys—put on the rosin!" Should a servant call out, "Those gentlemen who have not paid their passage will please go to the ladies' cabin!" obey the summons without a moment's delay, for then an explosion may be apprehended. "Why to the ladies' cabin?" said I. "Because it is the end of the boat, and they are getting anxious for the personal security of those who have not yet paid their dollars, being, of course, indifferent about the rest. Therefore, never pay in advance! for should you fall overboard during the race, and the watch cries out to the captain, 'A passenger overboard!' he will ask, 'Has he paid his passage?' and if he receives an answer in the affirmative, he will call out, 'Go ahead!'"

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Buying a Husband.—A neat and charming maiden, in Indiana, the fortunate possessor of a considerable property, became engaged for marriage to a green, unattractive, clumsy boy, of eighteen years. The day for the wedding was fixed, and the course of rustic love was running smoothly enough. One day, the groom expectant appeared before his mistress with wrinkled brow, quivering chin, eyes filled with tears. "My father says I shan't marry, unless I first pay him for my time." This was all he said. The woman at once sent him to the sharp parent, with instructions to learn the lowest rate of exchange at which the time could be transmuted into money. "I will sell you," said the father, "for $200, and not a cent less." "And I will buy you," returned the damsel, when the offer was communicated to her. She paid the money, married the property, and has since so assiduously cultivated it, that a great improvement, personally, morally, and intellectually has taken place.

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A Mysterious Box.—The treasurer of Amherst College, says the Springfield Republican, has lately received from Mr. Daniel Sears, of Boston, a heretofore liberal benefactor of the college, a small and carefully sealed box, with the instruction that it is not to be opened for one hundred years, on pain of a forfeiture of the gift which it contains. Speculation is at fault as to the contents, and the reasons for the accompanying condition. The shrewdest guess is that the box holds deeds of real estate in Boston, now under lease for one hundred years, but then to be transferred to the college. But let us be patient till 1960, and then we shall all know.

### RELIGIOUS THEATRICALS.

The Evening Journal publishes the letter of a tourist in Europe, who recently witnessed in the town of Ober-Ammergau, a very curious religious ceremony, which has already been described in the novel of "Quits." In the year 1633, when the village was visited by a pestilence, the monks induced the inhabitants to make a vow "that, in thankful devotion and for edifying contemplation, they would, every ten years, publicly represent the Passion of Jesus, the Saviour of the World." The correspondent says:

"Sunday was the day of the representation, and as the theatre was a temporary enclosure, we had the glorious mountains and the blue sky as worthy scenery for the great tragedy. Four thousand persons were present, of whom the greater part were peasants from the Tyrol, though next to us were princes from Russia, the Duchess of Parma, and the Count de Chambord. The performance embraced every scene in the life of our Redeemer, from the entrance to Jerusalem to the ascension. Between the scenes from the New Testament were typical tableaux from the Old Testament. In some of them, there were four hundred persons, all of whom were natives of Ammergau. A chorus, like that of the old Greek tragedies, sang sacred songs, or, in recitative, explained the tableaux. We entered the theatre at 7 o'clock, and with an hour's intermission, the performance lasted till 4½ o'clock. My protestant feelings were even more shocked than I expected when I first saw our Redeemer represented by a human being, and I regretted that I had come, and yet the performer was the very beau ideal of the old Italian painters. In face and figure, almost unique; noble and dignified in his actions, and his voice faultless, no one could have filled the part more perfectly, but the scenes enacted and the words spoken were so sacred that I was both shocked and pained. During the crucifixion, however, all my scruples vanished, for the illusion was perfect. Every minute detail mentioned in the Evangelists was preserved, and even the agony suffered by the principal performer was real and not feigned. He is, indeed, often ill for days afterward, and nothing but the conviction that it is a solemn duty could induce many of the others to go through with their parts. 'The Descent from the Cross' was copied from Ruben's picture in Antwerp, after which followed the entombment, the earthquake, and the resurrection. The spectators so completely sympathized with what they saw, that they were all in tears, and not a word was spoken. A glorious triumphal song by the choir closed the strange performance. As a dramatic representation, nothing could be more impressive, and so admirable is every feature of it, that your admiration would scarcely be better satisfied with the masterpiece of Ruben."

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The Neapolitan Prisons.—A Naples correspondent says:—The recent amnesty, by opening the doors of numerous prisons, has revealed the horrors which took place there, and the state in which they were kept, a state far surpassing the frightful description given of them by Mr. Gladstone. Many of the unfortunates who have just emerged into daylight were fearful to see, emaciated, stupid, indecently naked as they were. Hair and beard, and nails, of many years' growth, rendered still more frightful these victims of police ferocity. Fourteen young men had been kept four years in solitary confinement, and their sole fault was that of having been at college with Agesilao Milano, who had left college six years, when he attempted the late King's life. Many of these, though they were not thirty years old, had quite gray hair. But all their sufferings are nothing in comparison to those of the gendarme, Attanasio Drammis, friend of Milano's. Solely and unjustly inculpated in the attempt of the latter by friendly letters which he had addressed to him, in perfect ignorance of his intentions, the unfortunate man was kept shut up in the damp and filthy dungeons of Santa Maria Apparente for four years, without seeing a living soul or hearing a human voice. Once in twenty-four hours, an invisible hand gave him a morsel of bread and a drop of water. For some time after his release, the man remained in a state of bewilderment at the daylight and life around him. He has now set off to serve under Garibaldi, and Longo and Dellitrani, who were thirteen years in prison, have also left with the same intention.

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A Tobacco Abuser.—A man in England has won a wager of £20 by smoking eleven pounds of strong cigars within twelve hours. The feat was accomplished on a steamboat between London and Chelsea. The task was begun at 10 A. M., and ended at 7 P. M. In the course of nine hours and twenty minutes seventy-two cigars were fairly smoked out, the greatest number consumed being in the second hour, when the smoker disposed of no less than sixteen. The smoker declared that he felt not the slightest difficulty or unpleasantness throughout his nine hours and twenty minutes' work, and calculates that if the match had gone on to the end he should have won by half an hour. The only refreshment taken during the progress of the match was a chop at two o'clock, the eating of which occupied twenty minutes, and a gill and a half of brandy in cold water at intervals during the smoking. The betting when the match was first made was six and seven to four against the smoker; but after a public trial at the White Bear, Piccadilly, when the smoker consumed an enormous eightpenny cigar in three minutes, offers were made to bet six to four against time.

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Suicide of a Sensitive Youth.—At Blairstown (N. J.) a young man named Hulme killed himself because the principal of a boarding-school found a love-letter addressed by him to one of the female pupils and read it aloud. The letter says:—"The young man, it seems, had taken a fancy to, and had been corresponding occasionally with a young lady in or near Blairstown. The principal of the school, Mr. Johnson, having found this out, forbade the correspondence, and even wrote himself to the young lady forbidding her to send the young man any more letters. She, however, continued to write, and it happened, a day or two before the fatal occurrence, that the young man chanced to drop one of her letters, which letter was found and carried to Johnson. Instead of returning the letter to the young man, with such kind admonitions as his own good judgment ought to have suggested, this fool, or knave, or both, had the letter publicly read before the school, which so wrought upon the young man's mind that he at once determined to put an end to his own existence. The shame, as he thought it, of such a public exposure was more than he was able to bear."

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Whirled Through a Threshing Machine and not Killed.—Mr. Charles Allen, a farmer living about a mile east of Rome Centre, Michigan, met with an accident and a very narrow escape from a shocking death on Monday last. While engaged at work with a threshing machine, by some means his garments got caught on the tumbling rod, and before he could save himself, he was entangled beyond his power to extricate himself. He had presence of mind enough, however, to cling as closely as possible to the rod in his revolutions, which were very rapid, as the machine was under full headway. It was some moments before the machine could be stopped, and when it was Mr. Allen was taken up senseless. His body had passed between the rod and the barn-floor at every turn, being a space of not over a foot in size.

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☞ Quite a number of concert and drinking saloons on Broadway, announce on large placards at their doors, that "the prettiest female waiters in the world" may be found within.


## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

S. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 25 West 6th St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHNSON & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn.
E. DEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOUILLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
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GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.


### WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been very little export demand to note during the past week, and the market for Flour is dull and drooping. The week's sales reaching 4000 bbls at $5,25@5,37½ for sound old stock, $5,50 for fresh ground superfine, $5,62½@6,25 for extras, the latter for better brands, and $6,37½@6,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality and freshness, including a few half bbls at $6@6,25 the pair. The trade have been buying in a small way at the above figures for superfine, extra and fancy brands, including premium lots at higher figures. The receipts are light. Rye Flour is scarce, and selling in a small way at $3,62½ ₱ bbl. Corn meal is also scarce, and Pennsylvania Meal, fresh ground, is offered at $3,37½ ₱ bbl without finding buyers.

GRAIN—There is not much demand for Wheat, but the receipts, of prime especially, are very light and holders have realized rather better prices; the sales embrace about 24,000 bus, in lots, at 118@125c for common and fair Pennsylvania and Southern reds, 128@133c for good and prime do, 134@135c for choice, and from 130 to 150c for white, of common and prime quality, including choice Kentucky do, at 155c, in store and afloat. Rye is scarce, with sales of 5000 bus, in small lots, at 70@72 for new, and 75c for old. Corn is dull and unsettled, the demand having fallen off, and about 18,000 bus only have been disposed of at 68@70c for inferior yellow, 71@72c for mixed Western, which is very abundant, and 73@75c for good and prime Southern and Pennsylvania yellow, mostly in store; at the close the highest figures were not obtainable for the best lots. Oats have been in fair request, and about 20,000 bus sold at 33½@35½c for new Southern, mostly at 34@34½c, afloat, 37c for old do, 36c for new Pennsylvania, and 39@40c for old do, in store. Barley—some new has been offered at 85c, without finding buyers. Of Barley Malt sales are reported at 95c.

PROVISIONS are firmly held, owing to the upward tendency in the neighboring markets, but there is very little doing, and Mess Pork is steady at $19½@19¾ ₱ bbl. Beef moves off slowly at $14 ₱ bbl for city Mess. Of Bacon the sales have been light at 13@14c for plain and fancy Hams; 12@12½c for Sides, and 10@10½c for Shoulders, usual terms; sales of 300 casks Sides and Shoulders, on terms kept private, to go out of the market. Green Meats are quiet, and prices about the same. Lard is also quiet at 13½@13¾c for tes and bbls, and 14c for kegs. Butter is better, and packed is selling at 10@13c, the latter for prime. Cheese is unchanged and bringing 10@10½c ₱ lb for New York. Eggs are rather lower, and quoted at 12c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The stocks generally are light, and the market steady and firm for the fine qualities especially, which are getting scarce; the week's sales only reaching some 750 bales, in small lots, at from 7 to 13c for inferior to ordinary, middling and middling fair quality, cash and time, the bulk of the sales were of Uplands; the receipts are light.

BARK—There is some little demand for Quercitron, and the market is dull and nearly nominal at $27 for 1st No 1. Buyers generally offer less. Tanners' Bark moves off as wanted at $12@13 for Spanish, $10@10,50 for Chestnut, and $6 ₱ cord for Peach Oak.

BEESWAX is scarce, and good yellow is worth 35c ₱ lb.

COAL—The market is firm, with a fair business mostly to go East, at fully former rates.

COFFEE—The market is firm but quiet; some 800 bags Rio sold, mostly in the fore part of the week, at 14½@15½c, and 1200 bags Laguayra at 15c, all on the usual credit; but the arrival of near 6000 bags, chiefly of the former, has induced buyers to hold off for lower prices.

COPPER continues dull. Sheathing is held at 27c and Yellow Metal at 20c, with small sales of the latter, on time.

FEATHERS—There is very little doing, and good Western sell slowly at 48@50 ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green fruit is arriving and selling freely at $1@3 ₱ bbl for Apples, and from $1 to 2,50 ₱ basket for Peaches.

HEMP—There is little or no stock, out of the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no sales.

HIDES are held above the views of buyers, who are not disposed to operate to any extent at the present asking rates, and the recent arrival of Porto Cabello is going into store.

HOPS continue dull and nearly nominal at 8@12c for Eastern and Western. The new crop will soon be coming into market.

IRON—There is some little inquiry for Pig Metal for future delivery, but generally at prices below the views of makers, and we quote Anthracite nominally at $22½@23 for No. 1; $21½@22 for No. 2, and $20@20½ for No. 3, on time; 2000 tons Nos. 1 and 2 sold at the lowest figures, part to go West. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig. In Blooms we hear of but little doing. A sale of pipe was made at $39, on time. In bars and rails there is not much movement, but prices are steady.

LEAD is firmly held and the stock is light, but we hear of no transactions.

LEATHER—The receipts are fair for the season, but the demand is light and mostly to supply the local trade, there being very little inquiry from other markets; prime Spanish Sole and Slaughter command full prices.

LUMBER—Trade has been rather dull this week; White pine cullings range at $14@17; Lehigh hemlock at $10@10½, and yellow sap Boards at $12@15 ₱ M. Nothing doing in Shingles. Laths are firm.

MOLASSES continues very dull, and we are only advised of some small sales of Clayed Cuba at 19½@21c, as to quality, and a cargo of Trinidad at 27c, all on time.

PLASTER is dull, and we quote soft at $2,62½@2,75 ₱ ton.

RICE—There is very little selling, but the stock is light, and the market steady at 4½@4¾c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is little or no Cloverseed offering or selling. If here, it would bring $5,25@5,50 ₱ bus. Timothy has been arriving more freely, and prices are lower, with sales of some 800 bus to notice, at $3@2,75 ₱ bus for prime, and $2,50@2,25 for inferior. Flaxseed is selling on arrival at $1,62@163 ₱ bus for domestic.

SPIRITS—There is no change in Brandy and Gin, and a small business to note. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 35@36c. Whiskey is rather scarce, bbls selling at 21½@22½c; drudge 20c, and hhds 21c.

SUGAR—The market has been very quiet, and only about 250 hhds found buyers, mostly at 7@7¼c for fair quality Cuba, on time; the refiners have reduced the price of hard Sugar ½c ₱ lb.

TALLOW is firmer, and rather more active. City rendered sells at 10½c, and country at 9½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO is steady, but quiet, with about the usual business to note in Leaf and Manufactured, at quotations.

WOOL—The market continues firm, and prices, if anything, favor the seller; about 160,000 lbs having been disposed of in lots at from 39 to 42c for common, up to 55@65c net for full blood and fine fleece, the latter for choice clips.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1800 head. The prices ranged from $8,50 to 9 and $9,25 ₱ 100 lbs. Sheep were selling at 5½c ₱ lb, live weight, and 11c, dressed. About 150 head of Cows were sold at from $22 to 50, according to quality.

### NEW YORK MARKETS.

Aug. 18.—FLOUR heavy; sales of 7000 bbls. Wheat dull; 15,000 bus sold; common heavy, choice qualities firm; white Western $1,40@1,50; red $1,23@1,28. Corn has declined; sales of 25,000 bus; mixed 61@62c. Pork firm. Mess $18,62@19,37. Prime $13,25@14. Lard heavy. Whiskey dull at 21½@21¾c.

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Thos. M. Martin, Mr. Philo. E. Doolittle, of New York, to Miss Lizzie Marks, daughter of Capt. J. Marks, of this city.

On July 1st, by the Rev. Joseph Whitehead, Mr. George Farrel, to Miss Sarah Morrodillar, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, at the Methodist Parsonage, in Goshen, Cape May, N. J., by the Rev. James Vansant, Mr. Jonathan G. Fidler, of Dennisville, N. J. to Miss Sarah Miller, of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Carroll, Mr. E. J. Harrison, to Miss Mary A. only daughter of Prof. Morris, of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Horborow, at the Parsonage of the Church of the Redemption, Mr. James White, of Haddonfield, to Miss D. Ross, of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In New Orleans, about 3 months ago, of brain fever, James Henry Harvie, a native of Ireland, but for a long time a chemist in Philadelphia. He was recently connected with a large drug store in Richmond, Va., where he has many friends. Age 24 years.

At Attleborough, Bucks county, on the evening of the 13th of Aug. Hannah, daughter of Wm. and Hannah C. Wilson.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. Evalina Taylor, wife of Capt. John S. Taylor, in her 30th year.

Near Huntingdon, Pa. on fourth day morning, 15th instant, Sarah P. wife of Jos. D. Stackhouse, and daughter of the late Alex. Shaw.

Suddenly, Aug. 10th, 1860, William F. Seiser, aged 25 years.

On the 16th instant, William A. Edwards, in his 26th year.

On the 8th instant, Rev. William Neill, D. D. aged 82 years.

On the 13th instant, Samuel Copeland, Sr. in his 66th year.

On the 12th instant, James Creighton, in his 36th year.

In Burlington, N. J., suddenly, on the 10th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Burr, aged 80 years.

Suddenly, on the 12th instant, John Rook, in his 47th year.

## THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| **LOANS.** | | |
| U S 6 pr ct, 1850 | — | — |
| " " '62 | 105 | — |
| " " '77 | 109 | — |
| " " '68 | 109 | — |
| " " "coupon '74s | 102½ | — |
| Phila 6 pr ct, old | 98 | 99½ |
| " " new | 104 | 104½ |
| " " | 94 | — |
| Pitts 6 pr ct, | 72 | — |
| " " coupon | 43 | — |
| Allg'y City 6 pr ct | 68 | 73 |
| " County | 49 | 50 |
| Penn 6 pr ct | 102 | — |
| " | 96½ | 97 |
| Penn 6 " | 91½ | 92 |
| " " coupon | 92 | — |
| Kentucky 6 pr ct | — | 104½ |
| Missouri " | 89½ | — |
| Ohio " 1886 | 100 | — |
| N Carolina 6 pr ct | 96½ | 96¾ |
| Virginia " | 97½ | — |
| Ind State 5 pr ct | 92 | — |
| Cal State 7 pr ct | | |
| new bonds | 91½ | 92 |
| N Y City, 5'73-5 | 114 | 116 |
| **BANK STOCKS, &c.** | | |
| **PHILADELPHIA** | | |
| North America | 140 | — |
| Philadelphia | 140 | 130 |
| Far & Mec | 127½ | — |
| Commercial | 51½ | 52 |
| N Liberty | 60 | — |
| Mechanics | 25½ | — |
| Southwark | 75 | — |
| P Township | 36 | — |
| Kensington | 160 | — |
| Girard | 49½ | 50 |
| Western | 25 | — |
| Man & Mec | 36½ | — |
| Commerce | — | 70 |
| Tradesman's | 63½ | — |
| City | 45 | — |
| Consolidation | 22½ | — |
| Commonwealth | — | 20½ |
| Corn Exchange | 25 | — |
| Germantown | — | 60 |
| Pittsburg, Pitt'bg | 58 | — |
| Exchange " | 58 | — |
| Kentucky, Ky | 120 | — |
| Northern " | 125 | — |
| Louisville " | 114 | — |
| Farmers " | 120 | — |
| Union, Nash, Tenn | 89½ | 89 |
| Planters " | 100 | — |
| N O Gas Light | — | — |
| Com & R R Bank, | — | — |
| Vicksburg | 7 | 7½ |
| Washington Gas Light Co | 24 | 25 |
| Lehigh Zinc | — | 14 |
| New Creek | 1 | 4 |
| New Grenada | — | 4 |
| N America Ins'co | 17 | 20 |
| N Liberties Gas | — | 20½ |
| Southwark and Frankford R R | 80 | — |
| Bonds | 94½ | 95 |

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| **RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.** | | |
| Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds | 10 | 102 |
| 2nd " | 91½ | 92 |
| " stock | 40½ | 41 |
| Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1894 | — | 100 |
| " stock | 132 | 133 |
| Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70 | 85 | 86 |
| mort 6's '44 | 90½ | 91 |
| " '56 | 73½ | 74 |
| " stock | 33½ | 33½ |
| Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct | 94 | 95 |
| " stock | 55 | 56 |
| Phil, Wil & Balt stock | 44 | — |
| 6 pr ct loan, '60 | 97½ | 98 |
| Chas Val R R, '73 | 90½ | — |
| Tioga R R '75 | — | 93 |
| Williss & Elmira 7's 1st mort | 70 | 71 |
| 2nd " | 10 | — |
| stock | 14 | 15 |
| Catawissa | 3 | 5 |
| Beaver Meadow stock | — | 65 |
| preferred 10 pr ct | 80 | — |
| North Penn's R R stock | 104 | 105 |
| 6 pr ct loan | 74 | — |
| Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div 6 on | 45½ | 50 |
| 6 pr ct loan | 97 | 102 |
| Munkill R R | 65 | 65½ |
| Har & Lan R R stock | 87½ | 90 |
| bonds '89 | 90 | — |
| L. Schuylkill R R stock | 13 | 14 |
| Long Island R R stock | 150 | 24 |
| bonds | 93 | 95 |
| Erie R R stock | — | — |
| Hudson River R R | — | — |
| N Y Central | 80½ | — |
| Michigan Central | 47½ | 48½ |
| Illinois " | 87½ | — |
| Michigan Southern | 17½ | — |
| **CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.** | | |
| Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62 | 75 | 75½ |
| stock, 6 pr ct | 30 | — |
| stock | 10½ | 10½ |
| preferred | 22½ | 23½ |
| Lehigh Nav stock | 55 | 56½ |
| mort 6 pr ct | 100½ | — |
| scrip | 44½ | 45½ |
| Morris Consol'd | 58½ | 58 |
| preferred | 1.5 | 1.6 |
| Ches & Del | 40 | — |
| bonds | 70 | — |
| Union | 1 | — |
| bonds | — | 90 |
| Sus & Tidewater | 2 | 4 |
| bonds, 1878 | 30½ | — |

## BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

*Philadelphia, August 18, 1860.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Pennsylvania.** | | **Mississippi.** | |
| Solv bks | par to ¼ dis | All bks | uncertain |
| **New Jersey.** | | **Louisiana** | |
| Solv bks | par to ¼ dis | Solv bks | 1 to 1½ dis |
| **Delaware** | | **Ohio.** | |
| Solv bks | par to ¼ dis | Solv bks | 1 to 1½ dis |
| **Maryland.** | | **Kentucky.** | |
| Baltimore | par to ¼ dis | Solv bks | 1 to 1½ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | **Indiana.** | |
| **New York.** | | State bank | 1 to 1½ dis |
| Sol bks | par to ¼ dis | **Illinois.** | |
| **Maine.** | | Solv bks | 2½ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | **Missouri.** | |
| **New Hampshire.** | | Solv bks | 2½ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | **Tennessee.** | |
| **Vermont** | | Old bks | 1½ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | **Michigan.** | |
| **Connecticut** | | Solv bks | 1½ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | **Wisconsin.** | |
| **Massachusetts.** | | Solv bks | 2½ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | **Texas.** | |
| **Rhode Island.** | | Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston | — dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | **Iowa.** | |
| **Virginia.** | | State bk | 2½ dis |
| Solv bks | ¾ to 1 dis | **Kansas.** | |
| **Dist. of Columbia.** | | Kansas Valley bk | 5 dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | **Minnesota.** | |
| **North Carolina.** | | Bank St. Paul | 5 dis |
| Solv bks | ¾ to 1½ dis | **Canada.** | |
| **Georgia.** | | Solv bks | 1 dis |
| Solv bks | ¾ dis | **Florida.** | |
| **South Carolina.** | | State bk | 1 dis |
| Solv bks | ¾ dis | | |
| **Alabama.** | | | |
| Solv bks | 1 to 2 dis | | |

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The *Sunday-School Times* has, every week, a column or more of the choicest matter selected from the NOON PRAYER MEETINGS, which are so interesting to all classes of Christians.

Besides a large amount of general religious intelligence, the *Sunday-School Times* contains all the most recent Sunday-school news. It reports all the important CONVENTIONS of Sunday-school teachers. It discusses the questions which most interest and perplex teachers and parents, respecting the various METHODS OF RELIGIOUS TRAINING for the young, the means of gaining the attention and the affections of children, and especially of securing their conversion and bringing them to Christ. The subject of MISSION-SCHOOLS for cities, and of Sunday-school missionary work for the interior, is thoroughly canvassed. Indeed, there is hardly a topic of practical importance to any who are interested in the subject of religious education, which is not here brought under consideration from week to week. No teacher, no parent should be without it.

The *Sunday-School Times* has been the direct means, without any other agency, of establishing Sunday-schools in neighborhoods where none existed before, and of giving life to other schools which were languishing. *It is the testimony of hundreds of superintendents, that they have found their schools reviving from the time that this paper began to circulate among their teachers and in the families of their congregation.*

RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY is entirely excluded from this paper. The *Sunday-School Times* does not even reply to its own assailants. Its only answer to attacks, is to labor more industriously to make a paper, which shall be worthy of the patronage of warm-hearted, working

# Wit and Humor.

### CONSIDER ME SMITH.

There is a very good story told in the papers of the day, which was played by old Dr. Caldwell, formerly of the University of North Carolina.

The old doctor was a small, lean man, but as hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.

He looked as if he might be tough, but he did not seem strong. Nevertheless, he was, among the knowing ones, reputed to be as agile as a "cat;" and, in addition, was by no means deficient in the knowledge of the "noble science of self-defence." Besides, he was cool as a cucumber. Well, in the Freshman class of a certain year was a burley, beef mountaineer of eighteen or nineteen. This genius conceived a great contempt for old Bolus's physical dimensions, and his soul was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potential in his rule.

Poor Jones—that's what we'll call him—had no idea of moral force. At any rate he was not inclined to knock under, and be controlled despotically by a man that he imagined he could tie and whip. He at length determined to give the gentleman a genteel private thrashing, some night in the college campus, pretending to mistake him for some fellow student.

Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night, Jones met the doctor crossing the campus. Walking up to him abruptly—

"Hello, Smith! you rascal—is this you?"

And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of the face that had nearly felled him.

Old Bolus said nothing, but squared himself, and at it they went. Jones' youth, weight, and muscle made him an "ugly customer," but after a round or two the doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his beefy antagonist down, and was astraddle on his chest, with one hand on his throat, and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of his head.

"Ah! stop! I beg pardon, doctor! Dr. Caldwell—a mistake—for heaven's sake, doctor!" groaned Jones, who thought he was about to be eaten up. "I—I really thought it was Smith!"

The doctor replied with a word and a blow alternately.

"It makes no difference; for all present purposes consider me Smith!"

And it is said that Old Bolus gave Jones such a pounding, then and there, as probably prevented his ever making another mistake as to personal identity, at least on the college campus.

### HOW JED MISSED IT.

Some folks are in the habit of talking in their sleep, and Miss Betsey Wilson was of the number. This peculiarity she accidentally revealed to Jedediah Jenkins, in a careless, conversational way. Jedediah had just finished the recital of a matrimonial dream, in which the young lady and himself figured as hero and heroine, he having invented the same for the sake of saying, at the conclusion, it was "too good to be true," and by thus speaking parables, assuring the damsel of what he dared not speak plainly.

"I never dream," said Betsey, "but I sometimes talk half the night, and tell everything I know in my sleep."

"You don't say so."

"Yes; I never can have a secret from mother. If she wants to know anything, she pumps me after I've gone to bed, and I answer her questions as honestly as if my life depended on it. That's the reason I wouldn't go to ride the other night. I knew she would find it out. It is awful provoking!"

Some days after this, Jed called at the house, and entering the parlor unannounced, found Miss Betsey, probably overcome by the heat of the weather, had fallen asleep on the sofa.

Now Jed, as the reader has surmised, had long felt an overwhelming partiality for the young lady, and yearned to know if it was returned; but though possessed of sufficient courage to mount "the imminent deadly breach," or breeches (connubial ones, we mean), he could never muster spunk enough to inquire into the state of her heart. But he now bethought himself of her confessed somnambulic loquacity, and felt that the time to ascertain his fate had come. Approaching the sofa, he whispered:

"My dear Betsey, tell me, oh, tell me the object of your fondest affections?"

The fair sleeper gave a faint sigh, and responded, "I love—let me think—(here you might have heard the beating of Jed's heart through a brick wall)—I love heaven, my country, and baked beans. But if I have one passion above all others, it is for roast onions!"

The indignant lover didn't wake her, but sloped at once, a sadder but *not* a wiser man.

### TO SAVE TROUBLE.

Time is so precious at Pike's Peak, and the ranch men are so bored to death by the thousand and one questions generally asked by those who are flocking there, that one man at Fremont Springs has adopted this shrewd device to save trouble.

Read! Don't ask any questions for Heaven's sake, for here are the answers:

Question—How far is it to Denver?
Ans.—Eighty-four miles.
Q.—How far to Cottonwood Spring?
A.—Two miles and a half.
Q.—Can we get any wood there?
A.—Nary a wood.
Q.—How do you like living here?
A.—Well enough.
Q.—How long have you owned this ranch?
A.—About two years.
Q.—Are you married?
A.—No.
Q.—Why don't you get a wife?
A.—None of your business.
Q.—Do you sell whiskey?
A.—Yes.
Q.—How much a drink?
A.—Fifteen cents.

☞ One of the most dangerous of all levellers is the man with a gun in his hand.

### PRACTICAL JOKING BY TELEGRAPH.

Some ten years or more ago, there was upon the New York and Washington telegraph line, at the Philadelphia station, an operator named Thayer, who, besides being an adept at the business, was a gentleman of culture and wit, and exceedingly fond of a joke, no matter at whose expense. At the New York terminus of the line there was, on the contrary, a steady, matter-of fact sort of man, who was no appreciator of jokes, and never practised them. The President of the line was Hon. B. B. French, for many years Clerk of the House of Representatives, at Washington, a wit, poet, and humorist. Of course he appreciated humor wherever he came across it.

Thayer took it into his head one day to send a despatch to some fictitious name in New York, for the purpose of enjoying a laugh at the expense of the operator at New York. Accordingly he composed and forwarded the following:

"PHILADELPHIA, April, 1846.

"To Mr. Jones, New York:

"Send me ten dollars at once, so that I can get my clothes. (Signed,) JULIA."

"13 words, collect 34 cents."

The operator at New York, not suspecting any joke, asked the Philadelphia operator for the address.

The Philadelphia operator replied that "the lady didn't leave any;" and asked him to "look in the Directory for it."

The New York operator replied that he "had already done so, but as there were over fifty Jones's in the Directory, he was at a loss to know which one to send it to."

"If that is the case," says Thayer, "you had better send a copy to each of them, and charge thirty-four cents a piece."

The New York operator did so, and I will give the result of the arrangement in the words of the President, Mr. French, from whom, a few days, after this affair, Mr. Thayer received the following letter:

"NEW YORK, April 6, 1846.

"MR. THAYER—Sir: A few days since you sent a despatch purporting to be from one Julia, addressed to Mr. Jones, New York. The New York operator informed you that he desired an address, as there were upwards of fifty Joneses in the Directory, and was at a loss to know which one of them it was designed for. You replied, that in that case he must send a copy to every one of them and charge upon each; and the operator at New York, in the innocence of his heart, did so. Some twenty of the Jones's paid for their despatches, but there was one sent to the residence of an elderly merchant of that name, who being away from home when it arrived, it was opened by his wife, and was the occasion of a very unpleasant domestic scene. Mr. Jones has been to see me in relation to the matter, and threatens to sue the company for damages, taking the thing very much to heart.

"Now, this is all very funny, and a good joke, and I have laughed at it as heartily as anybody; but you had not better try it again, or any of the rest of the operators upon the line, if you value your situations."

### HOOD'S ODDITIES.

The following brevities by Hood were found mostly in his pocket book:

Some men pretend to *penetration* who have not *half penny*-tration.

"*Worming* out secrets." After a shower the worms come forth: so—wet a man's clay, and you will soon see his secrets.

A Quaker loves the Ocean for its broad brim.

A parish clerk has an amen-ity of disposition.

A man once took perpetual physic to improve the expression of his face.

Puny draughts can hardly be called drinking. *Pints* cannot be deemed *Pot*-ations.

Mr. —— put up his hay wet, for fear of incendiarism.

The Germans would have made Adam of *pipe* clay.

A ghost, full of the esprit de corpse.

As superior in strength as A-bility to D-bility.

A surgeon courted a lady, and, when rejected, charged for his visits.

My father, (a character in "Our Family") gives a large donation to a blind man, because he himself is enjoying a fine prospect.

"What a little child!"—Ah, his parents never made much of him.

Two young Irishmen, for cheapness, and to divide their expenses, agree the one to "board," and the other to "lodge."

A good church minister is described as piety parson-ified.

Her face was so sunburnt she need only have buttered it to become a "toast."

Who have the tenderest feet? Cornish men.

### A PRESCRIPTION FOR FOPPERY.

Twenty years ago, a farmer's barn in the vicinity of Worcester was struck by lightning, and burned to the ground. Many of the citizens had gone to the fire, when a fop, well strapped and dickied, with his cap on one side of his head, met the celebrated Dr. G—n, and accosted him in this wise: "Can you—ah, tell me, doctah, how fah they have succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration of the—ah, unfortunate yeoman's barn?" The doctor eyed the individual attentively, dropped his head as usual for a moment, and then slipping his thumb and finger into his vest pocket, took out a couple of pills, and handed them to him, saying: "Take these, sir, and go to bed, and if you do not feel better in the morning, call at my office."

THE HAND PLANT.—At Ashdean House, near Chichester, the seat of Charles Dorrien, Esq., there is at the present time a very curious plant in bloom, the *Cheirostemon platanoides*, or Hand Plant. It flowered for the first time last year. The fingers—which stretch out like a man's hand ready to grasp at anything—are about two inches long, and of a beautiful red color, the back of them being covered with yellow pollen. The plant is about six feet high, and we believe we are correct in stating that it is the only one ever known to have flowered in Europe.—*English paper.*

☞ Preaching is of much avail, but practice is far more potent. A goodly life is the strongest argument that you can offer to the skeptic.—*Hosea Ballou.*

### NOTHING LIKE HAVING A GOOD REASON.

SIR WILLIAM.—"Swiggles! what induced you to put such wine as this before me?"

BUTLER.—"Well, you see, Sir William, as *somebody* must drink it,—and there ain't none of us in the hall as can touch it!!!"

### CHINESE COOKERY.

The Abbe Le Noir has recently published a singular article in the scientific journals entitled "*De l'Utilization de tour en China, pour l'Alimentation.* We translate a few passages:

"China has long felt the need of wasting nothing—she has conquered her prejudices, has experimented with everything, and has adopted, as ordinary food, many of the productions of nature of which we make no use.

"The lower classes were the first to eat substances which the rich disdained. Through them, all inventions, children of necessity, have been made; and afterward they were followed by the rest of the world. I give a few examples drawn from the animal kingdom:

"The flesh of the dog in Europe is considered to be the worst of all meats; it is supposed to be entirely inedible. The Chinese deem it otherwise; they fatten their dogs when they begin to grow old, and eat them; the stalls of the butchers are furnished with dog meat, just as with other meats. Indeed the meat growers have succeeded in breeding a kind of dog peculiarly adapted to fattening, which they call butchery dogs; it is a variety of the wolf-dog, with straight ears, which are characterized by having the tongue, palate, and the whole interior of the throat black.

"It is said, that in certain restaurants in our great cities cat meat is served up for rabbit-meat, the Chinese have nothing of these mysteries; they consider cat meat to be excellent, and at all butcher shops enormous cats are seen hung up by the head and tail.

"On all farms these cats are found fastened by short chains, where they are fattened with the remains of rice from the family repasts. These belong to a very large variety of cat, and the quiet life which they are thus compelled to live renders it much more easy to fatten them.

"The rat is also an animal which occupies a large place in the food of the Chinese. Its flesh is eaten, as well as that of the cat and dog, either fresh or salted—those which are salted being principally intended for consumption on board of the junks. The farmers finding rat-raising to be profitable, have invented a very ingenious convenience for breeding them. They have ratteries as we have our pig-houses. They are made by furnishing places which are favored by rats, with bottles having a neck large enough to admit the hand. The animals take these bottles, which are bricked into the walls for holes, make their nests there and raise their young, and the farmer goes from hive to hive to gather his harvest of young rats as ours do to gather the pigeons which they raise."

THE PANTHER-KILLER.—You have probably heard for the last three or four years of the famous French lion-killer, Jules Gerard. Well, he has a rival, a man with a most unpromising name, but who is none the less a mighty hunter: the man's name is Bombonnel, and his specialty is *panthers*. Several panthers in Africa fell under his sure aim, but with one of the tribe he came to terrible grief, and was near coming to grief irretrievable. This is the story that makes him so famous in Paris, and on account of which people so run after him, that on the Boulevard you may be obstructed by M. Bombonnel as by a crowd of vehicles. The panther requires to be shot at her first spring, for if not thoroughly disabled, she flies at you at your first move. She has no organ of smell, but her ear is so quick that a pin-drop would startle her. On one occasion M. Bombonnel fired at a magnificent panther, and shot off her two front paws. The beast fell, and lay still. He waited—thought her dead; he moved—she flew at him spite of her wounds, and flinging her whole weight on him, threw him on the ground. He was under—the animal uppermost. Opening her huge maw she bent it over him, and took in his head. Then came one bite, and another bite, and another, and at each bite her fearful fangs went through his flesh. The work of biting, however, did not seem easy, for the free play of the jaw was not left her; and her victim, with great presence of mind, seized her throat, and forced her to relax her hold. Having once extricated himself from his perilous position, and brought the fierce creature to a literal want of breath, she was subsequently got rid of by the hunter's knife.—*French Correspondent.*

THE STRONGEST MAN.—As an offset against the strong feats of Dr. Winship, it is stated that a man in England raised three thousand pounds on a forged piece of paper and carried it out of the kingdom.

MARRIAGE IN GERMANY.—Marriage in Germany is preceded by the following ceremonies and forms:—1st, proposal; 2nd, betrothal; 3rd, a public family dinner or supper of announcement; 4th, the protocoling, or testimonials required by government, being—1st, a certificate of vaccination; 2nd, a week day school-ticket, in proof of regular attendance there; 3rd, a certificate of attendance upon a religious teacher; 4th, a certificate of confirmation; 5th, a conduct certificate; 6th, a service book; 7th, a wanderbuch, (this refers to the compulsory travels of their handworks burchen, or handicraftsmen;) 8th, an apprentice ticket; 9th, a statement made and substantiated as to property, which, if not considered satisfactory, according to circumstances, destroys the whole thing; 10th, a permission from the parents; 11th, residence permission ticket; 12th, a certificate as to the due performance of militia duties; 13th, an examination ticket; 14th, a ticket of business or occupation at the time. The higher classes have even more difficulties than these. Thus a Bavarian officer cannot marry until he has provided £40 per annum for his future family.

☞ "Mr. Jones, have you got a match?" "Yes, sir, a match for the old boy. There she is mixing up dough." Jones pointed to his wife, and then slid from the front door. The last we saw of Jones he was "kiting" it down the road, hotly pursued by a red-headed lady with a cistern pole.

# Useful Receipts.

*Mr. Editor of the Saturday Evening Post* — The following four receipts are very choice:—

ALMOND SPONGE CAKE.—Take twelve eggs, their weight in sifted sugar; half of this in flour; (this makes enough for two Turk's Heads.) Beat the yolks a little, then add the sugar, and stir it well: beat the whites as light as possible, and add as much of essence of bitter almonds, (Blairs,) as will flavor pleasantly, (say one teaspoonful.) Lastly, stir in the flour lightly, and pour the mixture into two Turk's Heads; bake about three-fourths of an hour, in a moderate oven. Flat tins bake them very nicely, but are more sure not to *burn*, by placing greased paper on the bottom and sides. If one quarter of the whites are saved and added last of all, it is said to make a nice crust on the top.

JUMBLES.—Weigh a half pound of butter, three-fourths of a pound of flour, half pound white powdered sugar; put by a little of the sugar to roll them in. Beat two eggs well, add a little nutmeg. This must be made into a soft dough. Do not roll it on the paste-board, but break off pieces of dough the size of a walnut, and make into rings; lay them on tins to bake, an inch apart, as it rises and spreads. A moderate oven.

SALLY LUNN.—Three ounces melted butter, a half tea-cup sugar, one beaten egg, yeast, a pint of milk alternately with the flour, making a better too thick to pour. Put the mixture into two Turk's Heads, and keep them covered and warm, until light, then bake one hour.

SPANISH BUNNS.—Mix six ounces butter with a half pound of sugar; add one teacup cream; beat four eggs separately, and put in. Have weighed three-fourths of a pound sifted flour, one teacup Zante Currants, add these. Dissolve a half teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in a little brandy or rose water; one teaspoonful of cream tartar, to the same of brandy or rose water, but in another cup.

CURE FOR THE AGUE.—Now that the season for fever and ague is again approaching, we deem it an act of humanity to publish the following recipe for its cure, which has been repeatedly resorted to within the circle of our acquaintance with invariable success. It is simply to pound up, for a grown person, say four ounces of frankincense, and sew it up in a black silk bag, which is to be worn by the patient next the skin on the pit of the stomach. We counsel the afflicted to try this simple remedy.—*Phil. Press.*

SCROFULOUS SORE EYES.—A minister in Syracuse had a daughter that had, for a long time, been troubled with scrofulous sore eyes, and after trying in vain many remedies, they heard of one which effected a cure, and published it in the Daily Journal. One of my neighbors, Mrs. Swaffer, seeing it, tried the medicine and found immediate relief. It is simply this: Take blue violets, which are growing wild in most places, dig them up, top and root, wash clean, dry them, and make a tea. Drink several times a day, wetting the eyes each time, and it will soon cure. Said violets are very plenty about here.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE MARCHES.—The word *march*, used by the poets, is of Saxon origin, and signifies a boundary. Hence the districts forming the Scottish border are commonly called in the English annals the Northern Marches, or the Marches of Scotland; and the people are often styled Marchmen. The English title of Marquis, and the German Margrave, are derived from the same word, and meant originally officers who had command on the frontiers of their respective countries.

☞ A HARD HEAD.—In Cincinnati, an Irishman became angry at a darkey and broke seven or eight bricks upon his head without doing him the least injury. The negro, who was perfectly cool during the operation, exclaimed: "Struck away, white man—dis chile don't mind dem pebbles no how! yah! yah!"

# Agricultural.

### NAILS IN FRUIT TREES.

A singular fact, and one worthy to be recorded, was mentioned to us a few days since, by Mr. Alexander Duke, of Albermarle. He stated that while on a visit to a neighbor, his attention was called to a large peach orchard, every tree of which was totally destroyed by the ravages of the worm with the exception of three, and these were the most thrifty and flourishing peach trees he ever saw. The only cause of their superiority known to the host, was an experiment made in consequence of observing that these parts of worm eaten timber into which nails have been driven were generally sound. When his trees were about a year old, he drove a tenpenny nail through the body, as near the ground as possible; while the balance of his orchard had generally failed, and finally yielded entirely to the ravages of the worms, these three trees, selected at random, treated precisely in the same manner with the exception of the nailing, had always been healthy, furnishing him at the very period with the greatest profusion of the most luscious fruit. It is supposed that the salt of iron afforded by the nails is offensive to the worm, while it is harmless, perhaps beneficial, to the tree.

A chemical writer on the subject, says:—

"The oxydation or rusting of the iron by the sap, evolves ammonia, which as the sap rises, will of course impregnate every particle of the foliage, and prove too severe a dose for the delicate palate of intruding insects."

The writer recommends driving half a dozen nails into the trunk. Several experiments of the kind have resulted successfully.

### FARMER'S OMNIBUS.

There are 5 pounds of pure sulphur in every 100 pounds of wool.

Carrots consume 199 pounds of lime to the acre, turnips but 90 pounds.

It takes 5 pounds of corn to form one of beef. Three and a-half pounds of cooked meal will form one of pork.

To add one per cent. of lime to soil that is destitute of it, requires ten pounds of slacked lime or six of caustic to the acre.

Clay will permanently improve any soil that is sandy or leachy. Lime and leached ashes will always benefit leachy land.

A ton of dry forest leaves produces only 500 pounds of mold; hence 500 of mold will produce a ton of plants.

Clay applied to sandy land is far better than sand to clay land. One hundred and sixty tons to the acre will give an inch in depth.

Pure phosphorus is worth from $1,000 to $5,000 a ton; and as it comes from the earth it shows how scarce it is.

A rich mold formed by rotting clover, is worth more than the same number of pounds of clover; 400 pounds of dry plants will yield 100 pounds of mold.

Swamp muck, or peat, when dry, will take up without dripping, four times its own weight of water. Hence the necessity of thorough drainage.

Limestone land retains the heat the longest, black, peaty soils radiate the heat most rapidly, consequently cool soonest, and are first to experience frost.

HORSES FOR THE ROAD.—A road horse should be about fifteen hands high, (a hand being four inches,) measured from the top of the shoulder or withers to the ground, when the horse stands naturally; his weight should be about 1,000; for such weight in an animal fifteen hands high, in moderate flesh, indicates compactness and power *somewhere*. Experience has proved that horses of this size, carry their weight better, on long journeys, pound their feet less on pavements and hard roads, and are apt to be more fleet than those of a larger class, for while greater length and height will give an increased stride, either running or trotting, the power needful greater rapidity and especially for long distances, requires much greater muscular exertion in large than in small horses from the greater weight to be propelled. Our fastest trotters have generally been from this class.—*Record of the Rens. Co. Ag. and Man. Society.*

MEDICAL QUALITIES OF CARROTS.—Stewart, in his excellent work on Stable Economy, says:—"Not only do carrots give strength and endurance to sound horses, but also give recovery and health to such as are sick. There is nothing better, perhaps nothing so good. When first given, they are strictly diuretic and laxative, but as the horses become accustomed to them, these effects cease to be produced. They also improve the state of the skin. They form a good substitute for grass, and an excellent alterative for horses out of condition. To sick and idle horses they render grain unnecessary. They are beneficial in all chronic diseases connected with breathing, and have a marked influence on chronic cough and broken wind. They are serviceable in diseases of the skin; and in combination with oats, restore a worn horse much sooner than oats alone."

CURE FOR THRUSH.—A correspondent of the New England Farmer, says that thrush in horses' feet may be cured in a short time, by cleaning all the filth out around the frog, jamming in fine salt, and wetting it two or three times a day with beef brine.

# The Riddler.

### ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 6, 15, 18, 11, is used in farming.
My 15, 21, 14, 3, 5, is a denomination in troy weight.
My 17, 21, 19, 8, is a county in Indiana.
My 20, 9, 13, 2, 18, 5, 12, is a musical instrument.
My 8, 15, 21, 18, is a division of time.
My 5, 24, 15, 4, 21, 19, is a Book in the Old Testament.
My 19, 16, 18, 9, 14, 7, is one of the seasons.
My 1, 26, 21, 18, 5, is a color.
My 20, 1, 25, 12, 15, 18, was a President of the United States.
My 21, 16, 15, 14, is a preposition.
My 18, 1, 12, 18, 8, is a boy's name.
My 4, 21, 11, 5, is a title of nobility.
My 1, 3, 18, 5, is a division of square measure.
My 25, 1, 18, 4, is a division of long measure.
My 5, 17, 21, 1, 12, 9, 20, 25, is a sign used in Algebra.
My 22, 5, 18, 13, 15, 14, 20, is one of the United States.
My 5, 12, 9, 26, 1, is a girl's name.
My 16, 15, 18, 23, 1, 25, is a country in Europe.
My 7, 15, 12, 4, is a metal.
My 16, 12, 21, 13, is a fruit of many varieties.
My 15, 14, 5, 9, 4, 1, is a lake in New York.
My 19, 20, 10, 15, 8, 14, is a large river in North America.
My 20, 1, 2, 12, 5, is an article of furniture.

My whole every reader of the "Post" knows.

Fox Lake, Wisconsin. E. D. E.

### MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 11, 6, 14, 12, 2, 18, 7, 3, was the birth-place of one of the "*seven sages.*"
My 14, 1, 16, 11, 17, 10, 4, 19, was the god of boundaries.
My 18, 2, 15, 4, 13, 8, 5, was where my whole was held.
My 2, 9, 16, 3, 19, were household gods.

My whole were mysterious associations, celebrated in honor of the goddess of corn and harvests.

Manor Dale, Pa. J. F. H.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 13, and 3, is an element.
My 9, 4, 6, and 5, is a noise.
My 13 and 14, is a neuter verb.
My 7, 2, 3, 10, 11, and 2, is an article of furniture.
My 12, 8, 9, and 10, is a name for learning.

My whole is a beautiful phenomenon.

Whites Bend, Tenn. JOS. DIXON, M. D.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How vain t'would be for man to try
To seek my first, I'll tell you why;
The search for it might last till frost,
When found you'd find it still was lost.

*And yet what'e'odd you sigh and fret*
About my second, and have it yet.
It's always with you night and day,
Go where you will, do what you may.

If any wit you do possess,
You can with ease this riddle guess:
If it by chance should pierce your pates,
Make known the answer through the states.

Naples, Scott Co., Ills. J. SIMMONS.

### GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A mountain in Arabia.
A town in Liberia.
A city in Turkey.
A province in Africa.
A town in the Chinese Empire.
A river in the Eastern States.
A city in Russia.

The initials name a river of the Old World; and the finals where situated. CHAS. W. LARGE.

Portsmouth, Scioto Co., Ohio.

### PROBLEM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A farmer hired a laborer on these conditions:—That for every day he worked the farmer was to pay him 3 shillings and 8d, and for every day he was idle he was to refund the farmer 1 shilling for his boarding, and at the end of 50 days they settled their accounts, which came out exactly even. I demand how many days he worked, and how many he was idle? NATHAN B. SPENCER.

Morgan Co., Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

### PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Twelve men buy 40 animals for $40, giving for sheep $2, lambs $1, hens 10 cents, and pigs $1,50 a piece. No two lots are alike. Required the purchase of each? M. DURANT.

Northfork, Ky.

### CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What money brings the most substantial interest? Ans.—Matrimony.

☞ What press is most popular with printers? Ans.—A press of business.

☞ What is that which though always stationary is ever in motion? Ans.—A clock.

☞ What playing may be deemed above every other? Ans.—A top.

☞ When does a man sneeze three times? Ans.—When he can't help it.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA—"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Message from Frederick, King of Prussia, to Washington on sending him his sword: "From the oldest general in Europe to the greatest general in the world." DOUBLE REBUS—Sacramento in California. RIDDLE—Tide. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—3½ area.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA of July 28. Theber, Haman, Omri, Urijah, Geshur, Othniel, Dothan, Solomon's, Ehud, Edomites, Solomon, Timothy, Moabs, Nebuchadnezzar,—"Then, God, sent me." GEORGE B. STRAUCH.

Pottsville, Pa.